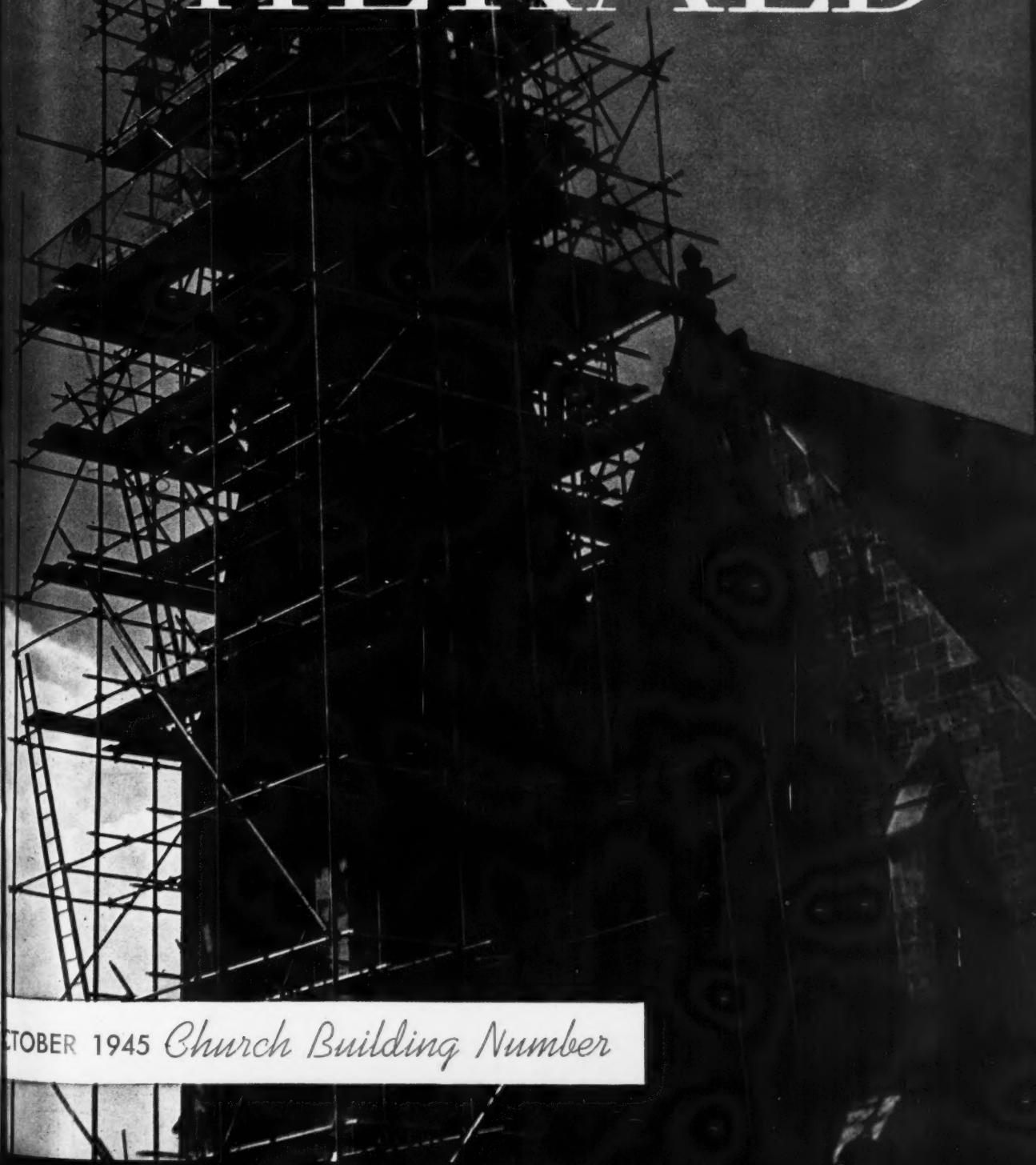


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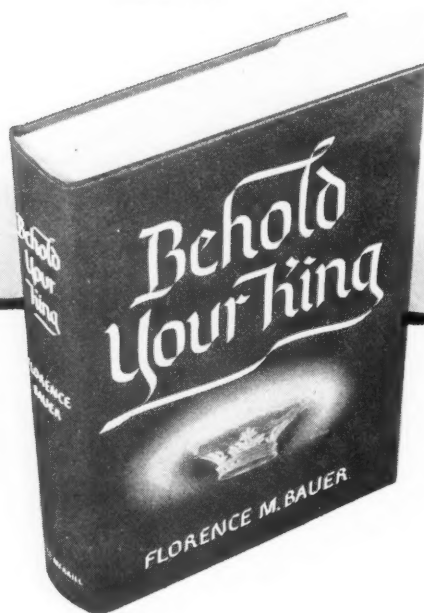
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OCTOBER 1945 *Church Building Number*

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"... even Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one
of these."

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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—Raiment	
Photo by Norman Zimmerman	2
DR. POLING ANSWERS	4
NEWS DIGEST Gabriel Courier	7
EDITORIAL Daniel A. Poling	12
MUSIC MASTER Dale Carnegie	13
KEY TO AN ANGRY HEART Archibald Rutledge	15
BIBLE QUIZMASTER	16
LEST WE FORGET Frank C. Laubach	17
RETIRE—ON WHAT? Graham Stewart	18
DISCIPLE, 1945—Sgt. Eugene Erwin, LeRoy Pfund	20
THE LITTLE WITCH, A Two-Part Story—Part Two Eunice D. and Ralph E. Dodge	22
SHOSEI KINA TENDS THE LAMP Clarence W. Hall	25
WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO? A Sermon Roy L. Smith	26
THE MOVIES AND RELIGION Jimmie Fidler	27
THE PEACE OF GOD IN ASIA Russell Cartwright Stroup	28
UP TO THE FUNNY BONE Margaret Lee Runbeck	30
TRY THE NEW THING! Charles M. Sheldon	32
TEA-TIME CHAT Martha Todd	33
WATER FROM THAT WELL, A Story Alma Robison Higbee	34
DAILY MEDITATIONS Clovis G. Chappell	36
WE BUILD A CHURCH Spencer Duryee	39
MODERN USE OF VISUAL AIDS IN THE CHURCH William L. Rogers	48
LET THE MEMORIAL BE SPIRITUAL Decatur Riggs	53
CURRENT FILMS Reviewed by M. P. C. P. W.	59
THE NEW BOOKS Reviewed by Daniel A. Poling	70
STRAIGHT TALK Edited by Frank S. Mead	96



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

• There has been an unusual response to the children's prayers which were carried in this department in a recent issue. I am grateful for the many fine letters. In my mail today I received a revision of the familiar, "Now I lay me down to sleep" bedtime prayer forwarded by a mother who tells me that she would lie in terror after repeating the words, "If I should die before I wake," thinking only of dying in the night. She was of course a sensitive, "different" child, but she promised that her own little one should be spared that fear, so she taught the prayer as follows:

*Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
Protect us through the coming night,
And bless us with the morning light.*

Question:

Generally we like your answers very much, but there are many passages of Scripture, notably Matthew 17:20; 18:19; Mark 21:24; John 14:13-14 and John 15:17, which seem to justify any minister or any other person in asking God to send the young men of their church and home safely back from the battle-front. Jesus says definitely, "It is not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." If we prayed a-right and believed fully, we could move mountains. Correct praying would give us consciousness here and now of God's tender, protecting, continuing presence.

Answer:

The question above is a composite from two letters written by those who disagreed with the answer to the question having to do with the minister who told his congregation that because of the prayers of the pastor and people, none of the boys of that particular church would be killed in action. The assumption that to die physically is to "perish"

is a false assumption. To those who truly believe and who "pray a-right" that which we call death is an open door, an entrance to the fuller, more abundant life. An arbitrary prayer for the boys of one church to escape death in action would be, to me at least, a selfish, wrong prayer. As Paul tells us in II Corinthians 3:5, "... the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." To concede the argument of those asking this question would be to affirm that right praying and complete believing would make physical death impossible! Well, to some of us "to depart is better"!

Question:

Do you think that one becomes a Christian merely by believing that Jesus is the son of God? In the story of Philip and the Ethiopian appear the words "See here is water. What hinders me from being baptized?" Peter told him, "If thou believest thou mayest," and the Ethiopian answered, "I believe that Jesus is the Son of God." Dr. Poling is this true? I seem to lack assurance.

Answer:

The answer is "yes." The peace of Christ with forgiveness is a free gift. Even though we lack the assurance at first, the promise stands. God cannot deny Himself. But then, remember also: "Faith without works is dead."

Question:

I enclose an advertisement for a book that "unmasks" the Bible. Please read it and tell me what you think about it.

Answer:

I think that the material is rot. Here is a deliberate attempt to distort and pervert the Scriptures; a shameless effort to destroy Christian faith and make money while doing so. Such publications insult the reader's intelligence, even as they attack every religious faith.

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

THE
MAN
WHO
SET
AMERICA

TO

MUSIC



Robert Alda as
George Gershwin

As a boy, he lived over a bakery shop in Brooklyn.

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Dances created and directed by LE ROY PRINZ • Orchestral arrangements by RAY HEINDORF

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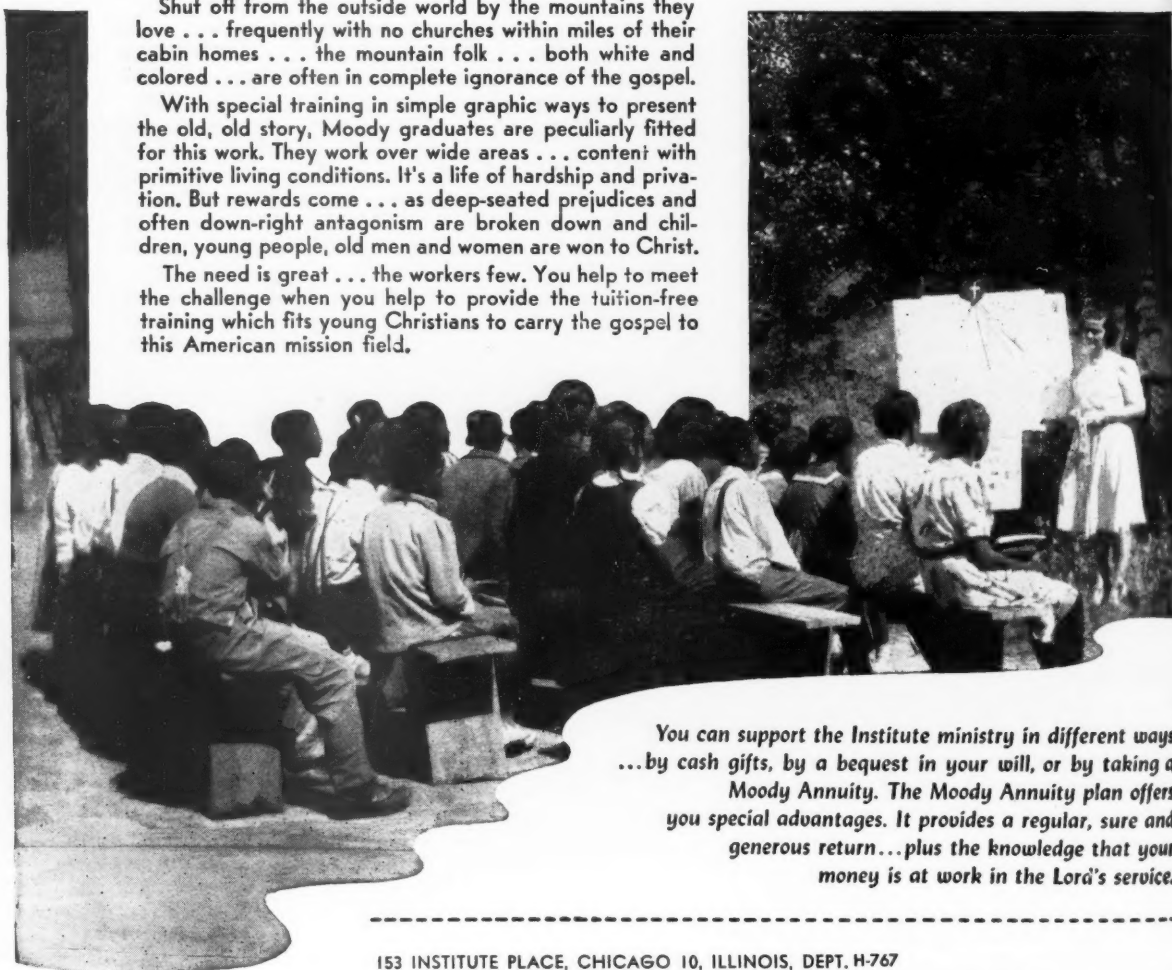
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NEWS

DIGEST OF THE MONTH

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

AT HOME

OUT: The man who lives next door to the editor is out of a job—laid off from a war-plant. So are thousands of others out, in neighboring towns. The war is over. Comes the depression!

The depression is with us *right now*. It may not be too noticeable, but it's here. There's no sense trying to say it isn't; what we must do is to get ourselves out of it as soon as possible. And we will come out of it. It may take a year, and some folks may be hurt pretty badly, financially, but we will beat this depression more easily than we beat the last one.

We believe the depression will last from six to nine months, and that within the year we will start climbing back to a real prosperity. Labor experts are saying that there will be 15 million unemployed at the peak of this period, but we doubt it; we believe there will be not more than eight million actually unemployed, with a possible two million more who would retire from work anyway, with the end of war industry.

We believe, too, that many people who fear unemployment will not be unemployed at all. The country and the world needs a lot of things to live with—things that must be turned out in unbelievable quantity. The war is over, yes, but life goes on, and half the world lies in ruins and must be rebuilt. The rebuilding will take longer than most of us think.

What really worries us is those war-workers who made fancy money—and spent it as fast as they made it. One employer told us the other day that he had scores of men in his shops making from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five



© CHINA FILM

TWO MEN ON WHITE HORSES. Into chaos rides conquered Emperor Hirohito of Japan, who took the way of the sword. Into a bright new place in the sun rides Chiang Kai-shek of China; a Christian conqueror who would build a new China on the principles of the Christian faith.

dollars a week—and they would come to him before the week was out trying to borrow twenty dollars to pay a tavern bill! These are the people who will have to be supported by those who took care of their money while the war raged. It isn't a very pretty picture.

MEN: Out of the armed forces, as well as out of war industry, now comes a flood of manpower. The release from the Army and Navy, however, will be a lot slower than the release from industry. Don't expect Johnny to come marching home tomorrow morning.



© EUROPEAN

Men of the Army, Navy and Marines overseas, totaling some 6,500,000 will be brought back to the United States and demobilized as fast as possible in the next twelve to eighteen months. But servicemen in the U. S. (5,500,000 of them) may be kept unless they have a high point score. Some 1,500,000 of these will be shipped overseas for occupation work.

Unless Congress steps in, there will still be a draft for the 18-year-olds, and possibly a draft for men up to 26, which will take in 50,000 a month. There is a lot of pressure being put on Congress from the parents of the 18-year-olds, pressure

which insists that the war is over and there should therefore be no "peacetime" draft for anybody. But—there are a lot of men over 18 who have been in the Pacific for years, and it seems to us, editorially speaking, that they are entitled to as much consideration as the boy who has never been inducted at all.

Here's hoping we don't forget that the Japanese will need watching for some time to come, however our manpower is affected.

GUEST: America is entertaining a distinguished guest as we go to press: he is General Charles de Gaulle, here with his Foreign Minister, his Chief of Staff and his economic advisers, to talk about—what would you think?

General de Gaulle is in a tough spot. He comes representing a nation badly beaten in a world war, and a nation that *has* been a world power. France is *not* a world power now. Said Francois Mauriac recently, "We are the greatest of the small powers." The General comes representing a people who have made a tremendous contribution to the improving culture of mankind, but a nation caught today in the grip of a depressing pessimism. France once ruled Europe by force. The French once nearly ruled the world under Napoleon. France took the sword, and by the sword has she fallen. What she, in the personality of de Gaulle, is worried about today is the re-distribution of power. The world, sadly enough, is dominated by force; Napoleon's "largest battalions" are in the saddle, and they will stay there for some time to come.

In an effort to protect herself, France sought a pact with the Russians against the Germans. France also seeks understanding and friendship with Britain and America, and she fears the worst if Britain and America ever fall out. But what de Gaulle wants in this country today is not so much military aid as economic assistance. His aim is to revive and strengthen La Belle France, with transfusions of new gold and trade.

The military heyday of France passed when Henri Pétain passed within the doors of his prison. Now she must look for power elsewhere. Now General de Gaulle comes to our shores, looking, hoping desperately to find it here. He is hoping for better results from President Truman than he got from President Roosevelt—with whom de Gaulle stumbled, badly.

STATE: There's another shake-up in the State Department, following the appointment of James F. Byrnes as Secretary of State. It begins to look as though any man who wants a permanent job in government had better try some other department.

Under-Secretary Joseph C. Grew has resigned, as has also Archibald MacLeish and Brig. Gen. Julius C. Holmes. The

resignation of Mr. Grew was expected; those who know say he is slated to go as adviser either to General MacArthur or Admiral Nimitz. His long experience in Japan, as ambassador, would make him valuable there. MacLeish was slated to go, too; he was a poet in a publicity-man's post, and not too popular at that. Nelson Rockefeller and James Clement Dunn also stand in outer darkness.

The State Department stands at a crucial cross-roads. What will be decided by President Truman and Secretary Byrnes is whether the department is to be run by novices—purely political appointees put in by the politicians—or by men who know what it's all about—by professionals, career-men who are trained for the job. It looks as though the "striped pants" era in the department is about finished.

Mr. Byrnes is anxious to cut costs. Before he left for Potsdam, he instructed the Budget Bureau to make a thorough study of the State Department, and the recommendations of the Bureau will carry a lot of weight. Costs should be cut here. From a peacetime staff of 900, the State Department has risen to a wartime force of 3,200 scattered over Washington in no less than eighteen buildings. The axe *must* fall on that, hard. If we know President Truman and Secretary Byrnes, it will fall, and soon.

One other great question hovers over the State building: Will President Truman imitate President Roosevelt in dictating foreign policy, or will it really be a State Department?

CANCER: The largest single gift in the big battle on cancer has been announced by General Motors Chairman Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. and Chief of Research of G.M., Charles F. Kettering. It is a gift of \$4,000,000 and it goes to enlarge the cancer research of Memorial Hospital in New York City.

This will provide an annual operating income of \$200,000 a year for ten years, and it will also enlarge the buildings of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, which is to be established with the fund. A campaign will shortly go into high gear to raise the annual income to \$500,000, which will finance the program now being planned. With an income of these proportions, the institute will enlist the best minds in the world to fight the most deadly disease known to mankind.

What this institute wants to do is exactly what was done in the research that produced the atomic bomb. Hit-and-miss techniques haven't given us much relief from this plague; it is time a real job of research was done—and it begins to look, with this four million, as though the job were under way. In the year 1943, there were 160,000 deaths from cancer in this country. While there are no actual statistics to prove it, it is estimated that

there are three times as many cases as deaths, right now. It is a plague calling for the healthy interest of every citizen in the land.

A B R O A D

END: So it's over! The Japanese have shouted "Uncle"—with the reservation that their emperor be not pulled from his throne. And Americans from Bangor to Los Angeles are still debating whether or not it was smart, on our part, to leave the emperor there.

What those who shout "Kill the Emperor" forget is that there is a royal family in Japan, as well as an emperor. If we were to execute Hirohito, there are two sons and a cousin standing in line to succeed to that throne. We certainly are not Nazi enough to execute the little boy who is next in line. And the Japanese, in time, could take that youngster and put him on the throne, whatever we thought of it. So the imperial line is still—the imperial line.

Furthermore, the emperor is of more value to us alive than dead. He and he alone, once the peace really comes, will be left with any authority whatever. Without the emperor, there would have been instant anarchy all over Japan.

There may come anarchy, yet; a revolution is possible, and if that comes it will make the French Revolution look like a Sunday-school picnic. General MacArthur will rule with a firm hand; he knows these Japanese, and how to handle them. But once that MacArthur hand is removed, anything can happen.

We must do two things in Japan, immediately: 1. We must make Japan understand that she has been defeated, completely defeated, in a war that *she* started. She must pay the bill which is rightfully hers. Furthermore, the emperor must be forced to accept personal responsibility for both war and surrender. 2. The government must be torn from the hands of emperor and warrior cabinet and placed in the hands of the people. That will take time. Japan will *not* easily accept the democratic way of life and government after all these centuries of "divine" rule by the emperor.

There will be trouble when we occupy Japan. The die-hards will fight. But once the Japanese people understand what their warlords have done to them, they may lend MacArthur a helping hand in establishing order. Our fervent wish is that it may happen soon.

DIVINE: Before we leave the emperor, let us make another point. We have heard much of his "divinity," and few there be who really understand it.

Divinity of the emperor and the prac-

ice of Shinto go hand in hand; one supports the other. But the gods of Shinto are not thought of as supernatural deities; they are no more divine, in that sense, than were the gods of ancient Greece, or the galaxy of human "gods" set up by the Nazis in Germany. They are the highest beings in the Japanese system, to be respected above all others, but there is no system of theology, no religious doctrine in Shinto, to make of them what we make of Jesus Christ and His Father. Nor are the Japanese people "born of the gods." They are definitely human, and all that is required of them is blind obedience to their god-like superiors. This is a faith without theology, ethics or morals; it is a brutal militaristic code, this "way of the gods," under which the Japanese commoner is obliged to engage in murder, cruelty, treachery and obscenity to help gain the national end.

Folks there are who say, "We have no right to persecute the religion of any people," and they mean by that that we must not oppose Shinto. But when such a "religion" becomes a threat to international peace—what then?

If any of us are to be safe and decent, in the world ahead of us, Shinto must be pulled from its false throne, and pictured as it really is.

BRITAIN: The King of England recently stood before his new Parliament and called upon England to become "a socialist commonwealth." No other King of England has ever done that. This is history! The King called for plain socialism—for immediate nationalization of the coal industry, for subsequent nationalization of other industries. To get this socialism under way, the King will maintain wartime controls.

On exactly the same day, within a few hours time, five officials in the United States Government announced a return to (or is it a continuation of?) the free enterprise system for peacetime America. They detailed the American program for reconversion. To get that, wartime controls will be ended, not continued.

There you have it. Two of the great powers taking different roads in the post-war world. Britain turns left! Toward Communism? We doubt that. The Labor Party in England has consistently fought Communism, and it will continue to do so. But the Labor Party will change and change drastically the whole economic system of England; of that there can be no doubt. There will be a far more liberal foreign policy under labor; already labor talks of freeing Hong Kong, and the Palestine policy is in for a real—and long overdue—housecleaning.

Meanwhile, Russia turns more sharply toward democracy than she has turned since the Soviet state was born. Here is the picture, in few words: Democracy is



Crawford in The Newark Evening News

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS

turning left, Sovietism is turning right. Even in the United States, in spite of our abolition of wartime controls, the turn left has been evident for years. We have already brought about many of the "radical" changes still to be brought about in Britain; the trend is history, now.

But it will be done democratically, not violently. Mr. Churchill's attempt to frighten the British people as he predicted the change, in his campaign, fell on deaf ears. The British are ready for it. They want it. They know the old system was faulty, and they want it corrected—and correct it they will. But they will never become a Soviet. They are still British; Americans are still Americans!

CHURCH NEWS

BOMB: American Churchmen are divided in their reaction to the use of the atomic bomb. We believe the majority of the clergy were as shocked as the majority of laymen: many a face went white when we realized what this thing really meant. There is no security for any of us now, short of a tremendous development of Christian character.

There has been more than a little condemnation of the use of the bomb by minority groups of ministers. Strong adjectives were used condemning the bomb, and our use of it. Some held it was unnecessary. Others that it did not shorten the war one day. We'd prefer to take the word of the Mikado of Japan on that question, and the Mikado tells his people otherwise. The Vatican—officially or otherwise—condemned the atomic bomb in the same sort of language the Vatican

used against Galileo. Some Protestant clergymen said we should have kept the secret, and not used it. That's too much like saying, "Let's all keep quiet, and maybe it will go away!"

We loathe the atomic bomb. We would have loathed it even more in Axis hands—and the Axis was uncomfortably close to the secret. But the bomb is *here*. Let's be sensible enough to admit that. If we can outlaw it, well and good; we should do that. It is impossible that the United States can keep the secret; soon every nation on earth will have it. The future isn't exactly rosy.

But lest we are hasty in drawing our conclusions, ponder this news item, from Vienna: "A forty-year-old Viennese admitted this afternoon in the presence of his captor, whom he once hounded at the concentration camp at Auschwitz, Poland, that he had executed 800,000 to 1,000,000 persons in three years." (Italics ours.) Fearful as the bomb is, in wiping out 100,000 people in one Japanese city, it isn't as bad as this forty-year-old barbarian. We can choose between the bomb controlled by decent men, or this Viennese philosophy running riot during and after battle!

MEMBERS: Church membership in continental United States now totals 72,492,669 according to the "Yearbook of American Churches," just out. This means that the number of church members equals 52.5 percent of the nation's population—the highest proportion ever recorded.

Most of the increase this year is accounted for by the Northern Baptist Convention, which reports 2,352,339 members. The Northern Baptists reported for the first time this year, listing its membership separately. Of the total member-

ship, Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations reported 44,431,784 members, the Roman Catholics 23,419,701, and the Jewish congregations 4,641,184. The Roman Catholics lead the field, with the Methodists first in the Protestant sector.

Incidentally, this will be the last census taken by the Federal Council of Churches. The next one will be taken by the U. S. Government, following which CHRISTIAN HERALD will conduct the yearly census, as it did before the Federal Council took over.

KAGAWA: Letters reach us constantly inquiring about Toyohiko Kagawa, the Japanese Christian leader who is reported to have gone all-out against the United States, especially since the dropping of the first atomic bomb. He is quoted as saying: "America is already defeated morally," and much more.

The Office of War Information at Washington rushes to defend Kagawa, announcing that he has been falsely represented by the Tokyo radio; the OWI bulletin says that the Tokyo station resurrected a speech of Kagawa made on July 28, eleven days before the atomic bomb was dropped. It is also uncertain that the speaker in Tokyo was Kagawa.

Well, it wouldn't be surprising if Kagawa did speak his mind against the atomic bomb; if we were there, on the receiving end, we would probably speak too, and in no uncertain terms. Kagawa is an excitable man; the sponsors of his last tour in this country held their breath whenever he took the platform, for there was no telling what he was likely to say. But we will do well to wait until this thing is over before we judge Kagawa. He is still one of the world's most influential leaders, whatever he has said during the war. And so far as this editor is concerned, Toyohiko Kagawa is the most dynamic Christian he has ever met.

LEAVEN: Critics there are who are forever sneering, "But what has the Church done? What is it doing right now?" The answer to both questions is: "Plenty, if you have eyes to see it." The trouble is that the Church does its job and doesn't worry enough about publicity. Protestantism could use a good \$10,000-a-year publicity man to get stories into the newspapers and magazines. Why let the other Churches get all the headlines?

And another trouble is that the Church is the leaven in the social lump, doing its job quietly, but doing it nevertheless. For instance: The Presbyterian Synod of California is urging that all Coast churches extend fellowship to Japanese-Americans. The Ministers Association of Lakewood, Ohio, calls for revision of our pagan funeral customs, recommending permanent memorials instead of floral displays, closing of the casket before the

funeral service and elimination of final examination after the services. A speaker at the annual meeting of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, in Chicago, said that children in public schools should be taught that racial and religious prejudice should be considered just plain sin. And Cincinnati Presbyterians and Episcopalians are combining parish and institutional activities of the West Cincinnati Presbyterian and St. Barnabas Episcopal churches, just to show their denominations that these two churches can get together. Leaven, with a capital L.

What is the Church doing? Plenty, if you have eyes to see. A tiger-hunter once told Bishop Fowler of the Methodist Church that he had travelled the length



George Gershwin, the late composer, learned to play by following the keys of a player-piano in a penny arcade. Here he is above, right, at 10 with his brother Ira in a scene from Warner's film biography, "Rhapsody in Blue."

and breadth of India and never saw a single Christian convert. To which the Bishop replied that he had travelled the length and breadth of India and never saw a single tiger. You see what you want to see!

TEMPERANCE

SUGAR: We've received a violent protest or two for some of our statements on the use of sugar by the brewers and distillers. One protest, from a frank Wet, denies that the boozemen are to blame "in any way shape or form for the sugar shortage." He says the industry can get along quite well, thank you, without any sugar at all!

Then why doesn't it? This is nonsense (we try to be charitable in our language). Down in the West Indies, where they make rum, tons of sugar have been used in the production of that product. When the Government permitted the liquor industry its recent holiday, it first specified that distillers were not to blend their

whiskey with cane spirits (alcohol made from cane sugar and other sugar sources). Later, the Government called off the restriction.

It can be proved that nearly 80 percent of some whiskeys produced during this holiday will contain alcohol made from sugars and sugar sources. Beer requires sugar and sugar products. Wine requires sugar.

But—many an American housewife failed to do her usual fall canning this year, and many an American family will miss the usual larder-full of canned tomatoes, peaches, etc., this winter. The boozemen could get sugar, but the housewife couldn't. Why?

COST: John Citizen usually squawks when you hit him in the pocketbook. Here's a chance for him to get in a real squawk. Here are the cost figures for the U. S. Alcohol Tax Unit, from 1940 to 1944, inclusive:

1940	\$12,130,825
1941	12,400,000
1942	12,398,185
1943	12,852,430
1944	15,778,565

Appropriations to enforce Prohibition were under ten million dollars up to and including 1926, and were highest in 1932, when \$15,547,444.66 was set aside for the purpose. So Prohibition at its most expensive hour didn't cost as much to enforce as repeal in 1944—when the war was desperately in need of money.

LOQUACITY: A Washington doctor made the headlines this month with an accusation that our Congressmen and diplomatic corps drink too much. Denials came thick and fast—especially from the Senate. The doctor spoke of "repetitive verbalization and rationalization—a tendency often noted in Congressmen who repeat words and ideas over and over. This is a common sign of alcoholism."

Well, we wouldn't know about the drinking habits of Congressmen and Senators, but some of them certainly seem guilty of repetitive verbalization. Take that man Bilbo, for instance . . . !

WHY? A feature article in a recent *Colliers* interests us. Title: "Do You Drink?" The opening paragraph begins:

"Census-minded researchers who have questioned thousands of citizens have concluded that there are about 40 million people in this country who take a drink whenever they want it or can find it. *That leaves some 53 million adults who never drink at all, even on New Year's Eve!*" (Italics ours.)

We have a question for the motion-picture industry, based on this: "Why must you keep on outraging the sensibilities of the majority of people in this country with drinking scenes in nine movies out of ten?"

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 10

Outwitting the weather



How science copes with Old Man Weather is illustrated by these ideas and devices from General Electric laboratories.

How high are the clouds? A ceilometer measures this for airmen. How wet is the weather? Hay can now be stored in barns before it is dry, with a new hay-drying system with G-E control. And one G-E laboratory makes weather—with or without rain, wind, sleet, snow—to test G-E turbo-superchargers.

On this page are a few more examples of the way General Electric research and engineering are being devoted to this phase of human comfort and health. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



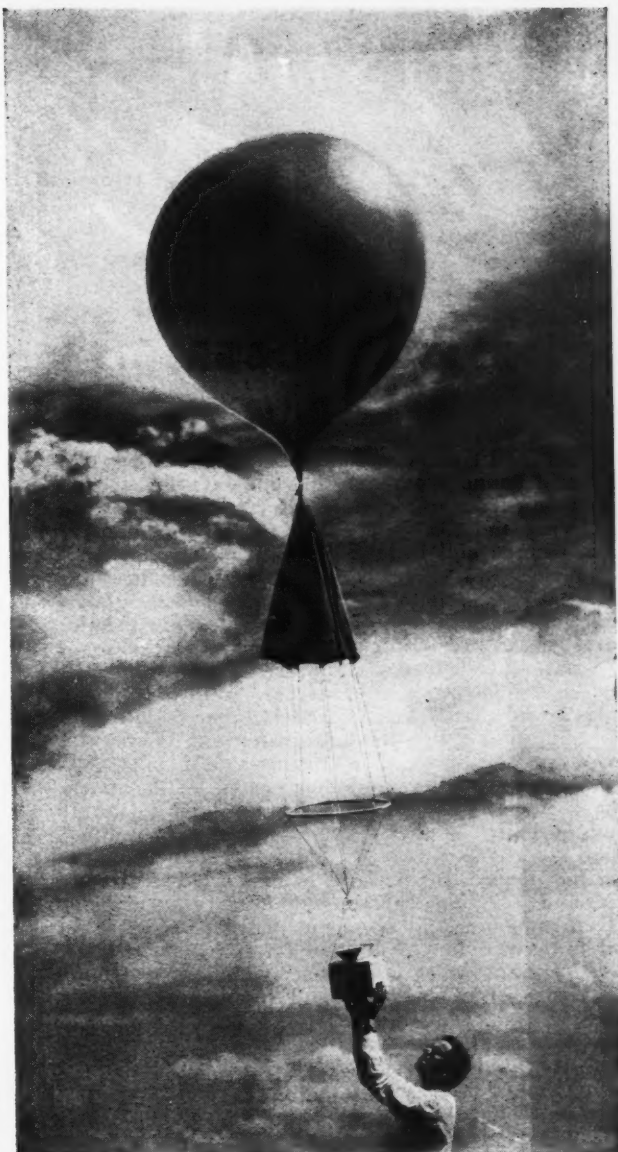
Cloudy but bright. When clouds darken the sky, lights come on in this schoolroom. No one has to remember; a General Electric automatic light control with an "electric eye" keeps constant watch, safeguards young eyes by turning on the lights whenever needed.



Cucumber magic. Vines in electrically heated soil (right) grew twice as tall, and bore one month earlier. A heating cable, developed by G-E engineers, is buried in the soil and thermostatically controlled. More than 15,000 commercial growers use G-E soil-heating cable.



Spring weather. Cool, mountain-top comfort in your bedroom, or anywhere else in your house, will be provided by G-E air conditioning units. Nor have G-E engineers forgotten winter problems; they have applied G-E research and engineering to home heating systems, too.



Weather detective goes aloft in the small box suspended from the balloon. Some 12 miles up the balloon bursts, and the box is parachuted back to earth. On the way up, this electronic device, called the G-E Stratometer, gives a running commentary on the weather—temperature, humidity, air pressure—and sends this information back to earth by radio signals. The information gathered by the G-E Stratometer can be used to help predict weather.

★ ★ ★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today news*, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

CHRISTIAN Herald

»»»»»»»»»» OCTOBER, 1945

EPIC HOUR

VICTORY and peace! These are the words that still sound from our lips and rise in a grand amen from our souls. The victory belongs to the living and the dead. It is the achievement of men, women and little children who have paid its price with ordeals of suffering and sacrifice unequalled in the history of man. The peace is ours, but ours to complete. We stand upon its threshold. Before us is the death or greater destiny of man.

War has destroyed the dictators but in doing so has unleashed the ultimate forces. Will the victors control and direct these forces? Can we survive our triumph? Will we administer our victory or have we but created a Frankenstein that will destroy us? Under God that task is wholly ours. The dead have finished their work. They have not died in vain for they have purchased with their blood the chance for us to make a decent world, to win the peace. In the light of man's latest discoveries and scientific achievements it is his last chance.

Remembering and honoring those of every race and faith who fought and died together, who perfected a unity to win the war, we offer now our united prayer of gratitude and supplication:

Oh, God, we thank Thee for this Epic Hour. We thank Thee that our enemies, strong and terrible, have been humbled and defeated, that Thou hast brought us to victory and that freedom stands triumphant throughout the earth.

We offer to Thee our gratitude for those who kept the physical tragedies of conflict from our shores and who in their young lives bore for us the bloody load. As we prepare for them a welcome, may we also make ready the homeland to receive them. Those others whom in the flesh we shall not see again, we shall ever more remember and their supreme sacrifice we shall not forget. We stand humbly in Thy sight and seek the comfort of Thy grace.

In this high hour we rededicate ourselves to the unfinished task. We pledge our labors and our lives to that complete triumph which is alone worthy of our dead and in which alone is the hope and promise of a just and lasting peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

YOUTH MARCHES!

JUST now on the morning program of an evangelical hour, I listened to the earnest voice of a young evangelist who described the Saturday night "Youth for Christ" mass meetings in "500 cities of the United States." He stated that regularly

half a million youths were attending these jubilee sessions and that the goal of enlistments had been set at a million and a half.

The young man's message was inspiring. In a time when juvenile delinquency is the theme of many publicists, it is heartening to hear this other note of moral and spiritual enthusiasm. But from that broadcast I missed one vital word—the Church was not mentioned. Granted that the Church of our day has failed in her leadership to feed the hunger of these young souls, the Church alone can successfully organize and direct youth's quest and in the Church alone may they hope to find continuing guidance. Also no other agency than the Church can consolidate and make permanent the good results of these or any other "Youth for Christ" campaigns.

Significant it is that the motto of one youth movement, the greatest of its kind in all the world, the Christian Endeavor Society, is "For Christ and the Church." Equally significant is the word coming from the recently held executive session of the Christian Endeavor Society. In Niagara Falls, Ontario, the announcement was made of a nation-wide series of "Youth Weeks" in great cities of the continent. Under the slogan "Youth Marches—For Christ and the Church," the campaign begins in Detroit, Michigan, the second week of November. Youth-led but sponsored by united church, educational and social agencies of the community, the program will embrace every interest of our young people. In daily conferences and mass meetings, climaxed with great evangelistic sessions on the last Sunday in Detroit's largest auditorium, this Youth Week will sound the call of the young man Christ to the young men and young women of Detroit and all surrounding communities. Nationally known speakers and leaders will also appear before civic clubs and in public schools. The program will be designed for adaptation to other cities and towns whose representatives will be invited to Detroit. Always the Church will stand at the center of the program, be the recipient of all enlistments made and be charged then with responsibility for continuing and making permanent the good results accomplished.

"Youth Marches—for Christ and the Church" is a slogan to capture the imagination of America. Here is a program that deserves the support, not only of every Christian, but of every other citizen who realizes that young men and young women are the nation's ultimate wealth and the irreducible minimum of her hope for the future.

(We believe this to be the sort of youth program the readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD have been waiting for. If you like it, write us here at CHRISTIAN HERALD and tell us so—today!—F. S. M.)

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

Music Master



FOUR YEARS AGO IT WAS FEARED THAT FRITZ KREISLER WOULD NEVER PLAY HIS VIOLIN AGAIN. BUT HE RECOVERED FROM THE NEAR-FATAL ACCIDENT WITH HIS MUSICAL ABILITIES INTACT. AND NOW, AT 70, HE IS AT THE PEAK OF HIS GREAT TALENT.

By DALE CARNEGIE

ONE bright spring afternoon some four years ago, a distinguished looking man with iron-gray hair started to cross Fifth Avenue in New York. A truck was approaching. People cried out in warning and the driver honked his horn, but the gray-haired man didn't seem to notice. Suddenly there was the grinding and screeching of brakes. The man was knocked down. And the next day, the whole nation was shocked and grief-stricken by the news that Fritz Kreisler, most famous of all violinists, was lying near death in a Manhattan hospital.

Yes, Fritz Kreisler—the most beloved man who ever coaxed music from a fiddle—was lying in a coma with a fractured skull. He was 66 then and the doctors feared he would never recover. A few days later, when he came out of the coma, an amazing

thing happened. His memory was gone and he could talk only in Greek and in Latin!

Yes, in Greek and Latin. As a boy of 15, Fritz Kreisler had studied Greek and Latin. That was in Paris—away back in 1890. And now, half a century later, his mind had flashed back, and he could only speak the languages he'd learned as a boy.

But another problem was troubling the doctors. They feared that part of Kreisler's brain which controls the faculty of music might have been injured. If it had, he would never be able to play the violin again.

Mrs. Kreisler was afraid of that also. But she didn't let her husband know she was afraid. Instead, she waited till "Fritzy" or "Pop," as she calls him, was well on the way to recovery again—then she brought a fiddle to the side of his bed. "Pop," she said, "I've been trying to remember the beginning of Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto*, but I've for-

gotten how it goes. Won't you play it for me?"

Kreisler took the violin, tuned it up a little and soon the blessed strains of Mendelssohn were singing through the



Kreisler began playing at 4; outstripped his teachers at 7; at 10 he had won the highest musical award in Vienna. The above sketch shows him at 13. RIGHT: The master with his Stradivarius in a recent pose.

Says Dale Carnegie

TO THE EDITORS:

"My mother wanted me to be a Methodist preacher. If she were alive, she would be thrilled to have an article by her boy printed in CHRISTIAN HERALD. That would mean more to her than seeing the same article in Saturday Evening Post or Reader's Digest."

corridors. The doctors and the nurses smiled at each other. Yes, that was Fritz Kreisler—that was the maestro! Thank God he was playing again!

Kreisler even protests that he doesn't want any credit—and doesn't deserve any thanks—for his wonderful music. "I was born," he explains, "with music in my soul. It was a gift of Providence. I didn't acquire it. Therefore I do not even look on the money I earn as something of my own. It is public money, entrusted to me for proper disbursement."

And he means that, too! He is now the highest paid violinist on earth, earn-

ing \$3,000 and more for a concert. And yet he says, "I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to a minimum. When I order a costly meal in a hotel, I feel guilty, for I feel I may be depriving someone else of a slice of bread, or I may be depriving some child of a bottle of milk. My wife feels the same way I do about these things; so in all these years of my so-called public success, we have not built a home for ourselves, because a home would stand between us and all the homeless of the world."

Fritz Kreisler now gets a fee of \$5000 when he plays for the radio. Yet he was once so poor he lived on oranges and water, and he didn't begin to make money till he was 40.

That's right—with all of his genius, he couldn't make a decent living until he was 40. Yet he started his career when he was 4. He could read music long before he could read words. And when it came to playing—why, this astonishing

of a boys' gang. I was much prouder of that than I was of winning the greatest musical prize in Paris!"

His first trip to America, in 1888, was almost the end of Kreisler's career. It hardly paid expenses, and when he got back to Vienna his father was broke. So the boy tried to find work. He applied for a job as second violinist with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. You'd think, wouldn't you, that the Philharmonic would have jumped at the chance to get this prodigy?

But they didn't. They turned him down flat. Here he had won half of the musical medals and honors in Europe, but Kreisler couldn't get a job playing the fiddle in his own home town.

When that happened to the boy, he was so disgusted, so disillusioned, that he gave up music. He didn't play a violin—at least not in public—for another eight years. Instead, he decided to be a doctor like his father, so he took a



boy had outstripped all of his teachers by the time he was 7. One had to be 14 to get into the world-famous Conservatory of Music in Vienna—but Fritz got in when he was only 7; partly on the strength of his wonderful playing and well, to tell the truth, partly because his father lied about his son's age!

By the time Kreisler was 10, he had won the highest of all musical honors in Vienna, and the highest of all music awards in France. But do you think he was proud? No! As he said years later, he was much too young to realize what it meant.

"All these honors," he said, "didn't give me half the thrill I got out of whooping and yelling and playing games in the park with other boys of my age. Why, I remember vividly that on the very day I received the gold medal from the Paris Conservatory, I was also elected leader

course in medicine. He studied mathematics, philosophy, Latin and Greek, and passed them all with high honors. He went to Paris and Rome and starved himself in garrets while he tried his hand at painting. And believe it or not, this astonishing boy had so much natural talent, he was even hailed as a prodigy in the field of painting.

Fritz Kreisler had so many talents, he just couldn't make up his mind what he wanted to do. But at last, when he was 20, the Austrian Army made him drop everything and serve his term of military training. When Kreisler got out of the army, he was hungry for music, and one day he picked up his old violin. The notes he tried to play sounded just a bit rusty—his fingers were stiff—but after eight weeks of practice, Kreisler was

(Continued on page 94)

KEY to an Angry Heart

By ARCHIBALD
RUTLEDGE

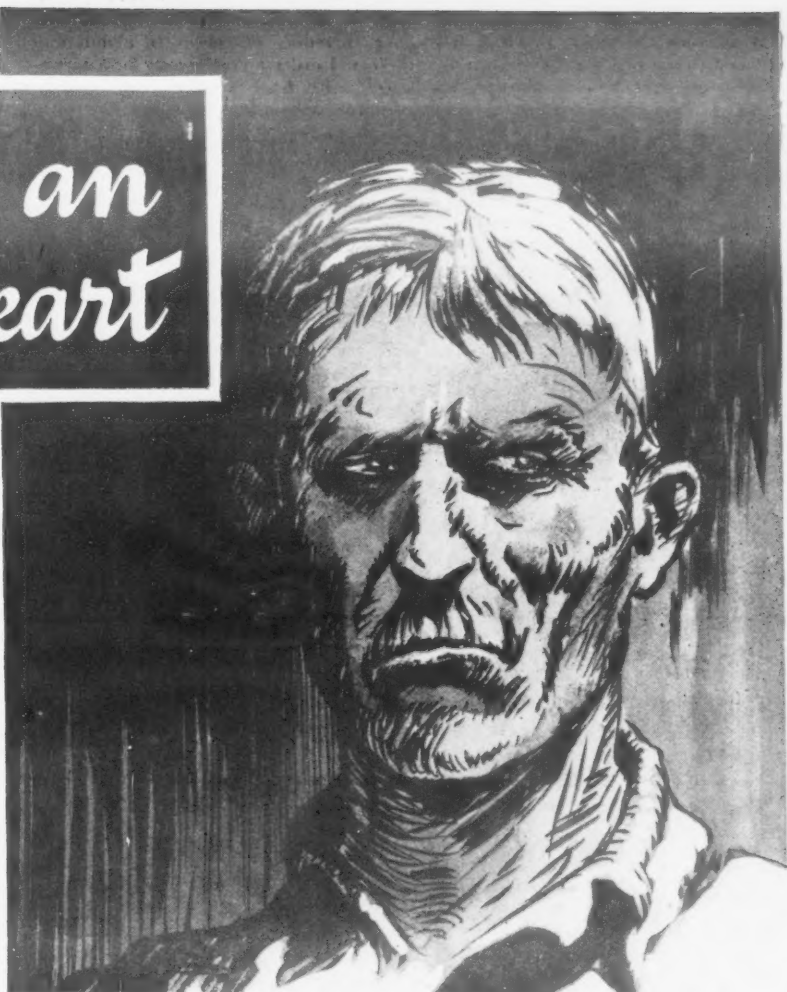
Archibald Rutledge—poet, naturalist, South Carolina planter—writes: "This is the story of an actual experience; every word of it is true—though naturally I have changed the men's names. The experience changed my whole attitude toward prayer and lifted for me those mortal mists in which we so often grope."



JIM NORWOOD—artistic and sensitive, friendly and gentle, a genuine mystic—has long been my dear friend. Tyler Somerset is an old acquaintance. I doubt if he has ever had any really intimate friends for he is a man of strange and sinister reputation. He has killed his man, and he spent years in a Federal penitentiary. He lives on a few starved acres in the pinelands of my part of coastal South Carolina and spends most of his time prowling the woods alone. He is by far the most expert woodsman and hunter in our whole region.

Norwood owns a plantation of 5000 acres, fifteen miles from my own. He has always taken pride in his lovely wildwoods, in the beautiful deer and turkeys in them, and in the peace and quietude of his ancestral estate. He keeps his noble place always open to neighbors and strangers alike, but it is scrupulously posted against shooting. He loves live things better than dead ones, so he never hunts; and the one thing about which he is exceedingly touchy is poaching. To him it is a violation not only of his property but of his life and his love as well.

Jim came to see me one winter day,



"He hates me. He hates me for what I have, and perhaps for what I am. And you know, unreasoning hatred is the worst kind."

and I could tell by his manner, ordinarily so graciously cheerful, that he was secretly distressed and deeply baffled.

"Do you know Tyler Somerset?" he asked me.

I told him that I did.

"I have been having trouble with him for a good while," he said. "I wish you would tell me what to do. I have come to a dead end."

"Poaching?" I asked, knowing Tyler's passion.

"Rather worse than that: he hates me. He hates me for what I have, and perhaps for what I am. And you know," he added, "unreasoning hatred is the worst kind."

"Has he done anything openly against you?"

"He has persistently killed my deer and turkeys, giving especial attention to the does and to the hen turkeys. He shoots the fawns and even the half-grown turkeys. He hunts at night as well as during the day. Five times I have known it was he who set fire to my

woods. I lost one beautiful tract of 400 acres of timber. His latest performance is to put a still on my property."

"What have you done about all this?"

"Well," Jim answered with a wry smile, "I have tried kindness. But Tyler is about as approachable and as responsive as a rattlesnake. The fact is, he gets his main satisfaction in life out of injuring me. There are such people. The other day I met him in the road—mind you, in one of *my* roads—with one of *my* turkeys slung over his shoulder; and when I remonstrated and tried to have a reasonable talk with him, he cursed me. Friends have told me that he has threatened to kill me."

"Have you tried the law? At least you could have him bound over to keep the peace."

Jim's answer suggests the quality of his character. I believe I have learned from him that there is a terrible strength in gentleness of which we know little, and which we rarely take into account.

(Continued on page 90)



CAIN

Bible QUIZMASTER

George Stimpson, veteran Washington newspaperman, spent twenty-five years in writing his new best-seller, "A Book About The Bible." The editors of Christian Herald consider it one of the most important books of this generation on the Bible. And from its scintillating pages they have culled the following excerpts. They are presented through the courtesy of the publishers of the book, Harper & Brothers. Can you answer Mr. Stimpson's questions without looking at his answers?

Where did Cain get his wife?

ACCORDING to Genesis 4, after Cain slew his brother Abel, he became a fugitive with a mark set upon him lest any finding him should kill him. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch: and he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch." The location of the land of Nod is not known, the Bible merely saying that it was east of the Garden of Eden.

"Where did Cain get his wife?" presents a classical problem that Bible students have attempted to solve with more ingenuity than success. Some suppose that Cain's marriage occurred at a much later period than the murder of Abel, and that he married one of his sisters, or perhaps a more distant relative, for we are told that after Adam had begotten Seth he begat sons and daughters. Others regard the story of Cain as a composite of several traditions relating to different persons named Cain who lived at different periods. Still others hold that, according to the Bible, Adam and Eve were not the first two persons on the earth, but the

first two named persons. They maintain that the first chapter of Genesis gives the account of the general creation of human beings, while the second chapter of the same book gives the process of creation of Adam and Eve. It was then that man first became a living soul. If this theory is correct, there may have been millions of human beings on the earth when Adam and Eve were created, and there would be many women from whom Cain could choose a wife.

According to Jewish folklore, Adam had a wife before Eve was created for him. The name of this first wife of Adam was Lilith. She refused to submit to the authority of her husband and was so obstreperous that she was expelled from Eden, whereupon she became an Assyrian goddess of night and the mother of demons. Some writers have identified Adam's first wife Lilith with "the queen of heaven" referred to in Jeremiah 44:17-25, where the prophet tells the Jews in Egypt that evil days had fallen upon them because they and their fathers had burned incense and poured out drink offerings "unto the queen of heaven" in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem. Commentators generally, however, regard this as a reference to the Assyrian or Babylonian moon goddess.

Another folktale is that Lilith, after Adam repudiated her, took to the air, which she haunted as a specter and from which she swooped down to kill small children. Lilith appeared in the legends and superstition of the Middle Ages as a famous witch, and it is said that Jewish children were provided with amulets to protect them from the demon. Some authorities have assumed, apparently without good reason, that *lullaby* the name of a refrain used to soothe infants and to put them to sleep, is a corruption of *Lilla, abi*, meaning "Begone, Lilith." It is more probable, however, that *lullaby* is of onomatopoeic origin.

How did swearing on the Bible originate?

PUTTING the hand on the Bible while taking an oath is indirectly of Jewish origin. In the earliest times the Hebrews probably touched some sacred object, such as a pillar of stone or altar dedicated to Jehovah, when taking solemn oaths. Later the Jews swore by touching their phylacteries (amulets) or by placing a hand on the roll of the law. Defendants in legal proceedings were required to take an oath, but oaths in the modern sense were never administered to Hebrew witnesses. According to Genesis 14:22, when Abram swore to the king of Sodom he lifted up his hand unto the Lord. Genesis 24:2 tells us that Abraham required his eldest servant to put his hand under his, Abraham's, thigh when he swore. The Mosaic law emphasizes the

sinfulness of swearing falsely and the importance of keeping an oath after making it.

Jephthah, according to Judges 11:35, sacrificed his only child because he had opened his mouth unto the Lord and could not go back. From Matthew 14:7-9 we learn that Herod delivered the head of John the Baptist to the daughter of Herodias "for the oath's sake." Oaths were common among the Israelites and even Jehovah confirmed his promises with oaths. The oath is a solemn invocation of God to bear witness to the honesty of one's motives in making a promise. But in later times oaths were made so freely and recklessly that some of the Jewish philosophers questioned the wisdom of making oaths at all. This abuse of oaths was referred to by Jesus in Matthew 5:33-37, when He said: "Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; either by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

James 5:12 says: "But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." Members of several Christian sects interpret these and other passages literally and refuse to take oaths of any kind. The custom of taking oaths, however, had become so widespread and was so firmly fixed that Christians generally adopted it. Kissing the Cross to attest an oath is believed to have started in Russia and to have spread to other parts of Europe. During the Middle Ages persons taking an oath were required to touch a prayer book, missal, New Testament, the Gospels or the whole Bible. Since these sacred books generally bore a cross as the symbol of Christianity, the next step was to require the kissing of the Book. To confirm an oath the Israelites used such expressions as "Jehovah is a witness between me and thee forever;" "God do so to me and more also;" "As Jehovah liveth;" and "Amen, Amen."

When was the cross first used as a religious emblem?

THE cross is among the oldest of all sacred symbols and there is evidence that it was used in various forms as a religious emblem by widely separated peoples long before the beginning of the Christian Era. Many centuries before

(Continued on page 78)



LEST WE FORGET

By Frank C. Laubach

Missionary and "Apostle of Literacy" to all the world

BERTHA MASON FULLER has written an article in which she says: "Last night we bombed Tokyo. We, you and I. For nearly a hundred years we had a chance to preach the Christian message of God's love to those we were bombing, to their parents, to their grandparents. We did a careless, half-hearted, messy inefficient job of reaching the whole nation with that message. That was not the fault of those who went, and who did their work well, but of those who stayed in America.

"We boasted of a handful of converts. We were satisfied to do so little as compared with what they who went wanted to do. We said that if it was a divine message it would spread of itself.

"The people we sent out on that mission were all right; but they were too few. They had too little support, moral and financial. The money we gave was good money, but was never enough for the size of the task. No business concern could ever have survived on the amounts we invested in this Christian enterprise—much less have gone into all the world.

"For a hundred years, or nearly so, we had free entrance to Japan to bring the message of the good news of the Kingdom of God. Yet millions of Japan's people never heard of it. Through neglect we brought this crisis upon them and ourselves by withholding the only Name under heaven whereby men may be saved; by not giving the Only Book which teaches humankind to love, not hate."

Bertha Fuller tells us what we did not do. That is all true. Then we insulted Japan with an Exclusion Act, which was not to keep Japanese out, but to show our dislike for them. California and other Western states have heaped injustice upon injustice upon them for thirty years. Has there ever been a single instance of an American-born Japanese showing disloyalty to the United States? Thousands fought for us in Europe. Nobody ever accused our Japanese-Americans of being dishonest or drunken or dirty. The only accusation against them is that they work too hard, prosper too much and that white American farmers cannot compete with them.

This time we must not make the selfsame mistakes again.

By GRAHAM
STEWART

THE other day, I ran across an old friend of mine who for years had been a successful small-town merchant. "Congratulations, Andy," I said. "Now you can retire." "Retire?" he echoed. "On what?" I suggested that he ought to be able to take it fairly easy with the \$30,000 he got recently, when he sold his business. To which he replied, sceptically: "I thought I'd better sell while the going was good, but now I'm not so sure. The money is in the bank—but what am I going to do with it? The one-and-a-half percent I'll get from the bank will hardly buy our groceries. Sure, I've got a nice little home all bought and paid for—but even with that, I'll need a lot more than a home and groceries."

I reminded him that he had made some moderate ventures in the stock market. His answer to that one contained a lot of common sense: "I could take chances then, for I was getting from three to four thousand dollars a year out of the business. But I can't take chances with *this* money, now. It's got to see Jane and me through to the finish." (Those who find themselves in *that* fix are legion!)

I suggested that he might put some of the money into bonds. They were safer. "Yes," he replied. "Some of them are safer. Those that are supposed to be 100 percent safe don't pay over three percent. Who could live on that? I wish I'd been a fireman or a policeman. They get real pensions. Well, so long. I'll work it out somehow."

What a topsy-turvy world we're living in! The forgotten man of ten years ago is on top of the world, and the man who was on Easy Street in former years is down in the economic basement. Before the war, the very millions borrowed by the Government to bring better living conditions to the masses forced down interest rates to a point where the capital of other millions of our citizens was greatly depreciated by the cheap-money route.

Ten thousand in the bank became less than \$5,000 insofar as income was concerned. A nest-egg of \$30,000 used to bring \$1,800 interest a year. Now this same \$30,000 brings only \$900 with safety, and living costs are much higher. With a war debt approaching 300 billion, it is essential that money remain cheap or we'll never get any relief from taxes.

What's the answer, then, for people who have nothing to lean on for a living except interest on capital? Last week I



Retire?..

talked to a woman who was bemoaning the fact that bonds, on which for twenty years she had depended for a living, are being called from time to time, and new ones issued at lower rates.

Of course no one can blame the big companies for taking advantage of this cheap money situation. In addition to

refunding at lower rates, railroads have bought up their high rate bonds in the open market. A.T.&T. because of its marvelous credit standing, calls 175 million 3¾ percent bonds, and replaces them with a 2¾ percent issue! Maybe competition for money for business ex-

pension will bring rates up a bit after the war, but it's more likely to be a bid for venture capital than for conservative money.

But just for a moment, let's get away from this interest rate problem and look at a brighter side of the retirement question. Pension systems, started during the past twenty-five years, are now being translated into comfort for more and more of us. Of course few people get enough from their pensions to live the way they have been accustomed to live, but many of them have saved money through the years, and they too have an investment problem; and in addition they, like all others with fixed incomes, can buy with each dollar much less than formerly.

Government Social Security is a form of pension that will be a real help to millions of our people. But these benefits will be only for those who have been employed, and have paid into the fund over the years. State old age pensions are a boon to many of us, but here again there are real limitations. No one can receive a state pension if he or she has any other means of support. If the person has a partial support, it cuts down the pension by that much. I think every state in the Union gives pensions to old people. Sixty-five is the usual starting age. The Federal Government contributes one half of the pension, but in no case more than \$20 a month. In most states the pension is \$40 a month. Whether or not there will ever be a generous pension paid directly from Washington, is anybody's guess. Better not count on it.

But suppose we get back to the real question. "*How shall the people retire who have nothing but money?*" These folks constitute a big part of our population; they are doctors, lawyers, merchants, widows, maiden ladies, and others too numerous to mention. Shall it be retirement on money from stocks, bonds, residence or business-rental property, real estate mortgages, annuities—or what?

At the risk of seeming to be dogmatic or presumptuous, let me give you my personal convictions, based on some experience and much observation.

Not long ago I called on a man of 80 who, when he retired at 65, made an annuity gift of \$20,000 to a religious organization. Since then he has been receiving about \$1,200 a year. I complimented him on his foresight. His comeback was: "How much more comfortable we would have been all these years if I had put into *another* annuity the \$10,000 I sank in some so-called *guaranteed* real-estate bonds!"

For the past eighteen months I have had the inspiring experience of visiting in the homes of more than four hundred people who have annuities in one or more religious, educational or charitable organizations. I have never seen such a uniformly happy group; they are living examples of the truth of the text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

In most cases their affairs were in order; in others there were still financial adjustments to be made. Quite a few were faced with the question: "Shall we draw upon funds we had hoped to leave to relatives, so that we may meet comfortably the higher living costs of today?"

Here's a thought that I gave to a man of 70 and apparently well-to-do. "If you put \$10,000 into an annuity in a non-profit organization, you will have \$500 income after Federal taxes are paid. You would need to have \$16,000 invested in 4 percent bonds to have \$500 left after Federal taxes. Why not take out a \$10,000 annuity and give the other \$6,000 to your relatives *now*, and have the fun of watching them spend it?" In recent years, I have gained the impression that children as well as parents seem to feel that the parents should enjoy to the full, the fruits of their own labor. This is especially true where parents have made a real sacrifice to give the children a good education.

Now back again to the subject of safe investments. Shall it be stocks? There are quite a few stocks of real investment value—stocks with an enviable record of long years of unbroken dividends. The names of some of these will come to your mind at once. But the speculative and semi-speculative stocks are in the ma-

stocks you are *not* retired. You are a partner in that business, without much, if anything, to say about the management. To know what stocks are safe calls for a lot of study—study not only of the individual stock, but the trend of the industry of which it is a part. On the other hand, there are some people who would feel lost without the stimulus of watching the market. Most of these people, however, have, or should have, sufficient income from conservative investments to take care of their basic needs. One very bright woman (of 78) was receiving two-thirds of her \$1,800 income from stocks and one-third from annuities. Last year she sold enough stocks to change the ratio to two-thirds from annuities and one-third from stocks, and admitted that she now felt much better about her security.

Well then, what about bonds? Again, there are bonds and bonds; ranging from the gilt-edge to the purely speculative. Bonds that are a mortgage upon valuable property or issues of companies with a very high rating are of course the safest. But the safer it is, the lower the yield. Bonds paying $4\frac{1}{2}$ percent or more and selling under \$100, call for pretty careful scrutiny. Retired folks need to have sound investment counsel.

I don't know much about the real-estate rental or mortgage field, but I hear many people say that *now* is no time to buy. If it's not a good time to *buy*, maybe it's a good time for older people to unload mortgages and real estate that have become a worry for them to manage. Many years ago during a financial cycle that corresponds to this one, the father of one of my friends refused \$30,000 for a small business building in New York City because it was yielding him eight percent on his original investment. Some years later it was sold by his son for \$4,000.

Then why bother with investments? Isn't it all right just to use up one's capital? That's a bit risky. People might then be inclined to spend their latter days hoping and even praying that they be taken, before their money is all gone.

A good compromise on this matter of using up capital is to do it the scientific way—via annuities. The generous return on your investment is possible because a part of what you get is interest, and part, a return of your capital. But in this case the capital never runs out.

Needless to say, people should not have all of their money in annuities. There should be money easily available for unexpected current needs; and in addition, there should be a cushion fund of larger proportions, for such serious old age emergencies as long illness. If not used up, it could constitute the residue of one's estate for distribution to relatives, or for other special interests. Just what percentage of one's estate

(Continued on page 92)

..on What?

I am sure that most of you know of unfortunate instances where small or large fortunes have been wiped out, or seriously impaired, by unwise investments. This often happens to women who have had left to them apparently ample funds for a comfortable living.

majority; these are only for people who can afford to take risks—people with surplus funds, or with steady incomes from their own business or profession. But for older people of moderate means and except in special cases, stocks, whether common or preferred, might well be avoided.

Are you retired? Well, when you own



DISCIPLE, 1945

Congressional Medal Winner

SGT. EUGENE ERWIN

FIRST B-29 crewman ever to win the Congressional Medal of Honor is Sgt. Eugene Erwin. Here's how he got it:

In the air over Aoga Shima, Erwin was ordered to fire some flares and then to drop a phosphorus smoke bomb. He got the flares off; he pulled the pin on the bomb—and saw it stick in the bombchute! The fire flared right back in his face, blinding him. He got hold of the bomb, which was burning at about 1300 degrees Fahrenheit, carried it through the thick dirty smoke which filled the plane, tucked it under one arm while he got rid of a blocking navigator's table, opened a window and threw it out. He saved the life of every man in the ship—and that ship carried 6,000 pounds of bombs! So—they gave him the Congressional Medal.

He grew up in Alabama. He has been deeply religious, "as long as I can remember." He is a member of the Bessemer (Ala.) Methodist Church, and he has been president of the Ep-

worth League for the West Birmingham district. The League sent him off to war with a New Testament in his pocket—and he used it well. He talks about the Lord as his close personal friend; he does it with a sincerity that has won him friends in that man's army.

His comrades were not so religious, but they respected him. Once, in the air above Nagoya, a colonel in the plane was cursing the Japanese flak which had bored no less than forty-three holes in the ship. Erwin's slow drawl came over the communication system: "Don't pay any attention to him, Lord; he talks that way all the time." To a colonel!

He's broad, religiously. He says of his pal, Sergeant Schnipper: "He's a Jewish boy from Jamaica, N. Y. You know, in Alabama I hadn't known many Jewish people. Not many Catholics, either. In the army you learn something about people. When you get a buddy on your plane and eat and sleep together, and borrow each other's clothes, and fight together, you learn there's not much difference in religions . . ."

CHRISTIAN HERALD • OCTOBER 1945 • PAGE 20

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Sgt. Erwin is presented the Congressional Medal of Honor by Maj. Gen. Willis H. Hale. Members of the plane's crew whose lives he saved look on solemnly.

Ball Player

DISCIPLE, 1945

LeROY PFUND of the "Dodgers"

THERE are many religious men in professional sport, but LeRoy Pfund, 25-year-old pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, is one of the few who have taken a public stand on the question of non-participation in Sunday athletics. Sport writers have featured Pfund's refusal to play ball on Sunday as "news," but CHRISTIAN HERALD's interviewer discovered that the husky star regards it as a matter of deep personal conviction. Here is his statement, exclusive to CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Baseball is my work. I've been pitching professionally for four years, and it is my main source of income. Therefore, because I regard it as work, I cannot play baseball on the Lord's Day. I was raised in a Christian home, where this Day was set aside to honor our Lord Jesus Christ. My father and mother observed Sunday as a day dedicated to Him who arose on this Day, after He had died for mankind.

"This belief is one of intense personal conviction for me, arrived at independently and with a great deal of thought. I do not in any way condemn my fellow players because of their participation in Sunday sports. This is my decision, and I mean to abide by it.

"I attend church regularly, and have attended since my boyhood in Elmhurst, Illinois, where I went to the First Evangelical Church. By playing Sunday baseball, I would miss church services, for double-header games, usually played on Sunday, start early and require players to be at the park at a time that would prohibit church attendance.

"I take my wife and son to church on Sunday, and I hope that my boy, should he become a ball player, will agree with me that the Lord's Day is sacred and should be observed as such. We have devotions in our home each day, and when the Dodgers are in Brooklyn, I visit a number of churches on Sunday and testify to my belief in our Lord Jesus Christ. I also go to church regularly when the Dodgers play out of town.

"A few of the players were inclined to question the reason for my stand on Sunday baseball early this season, but I've found that after serious talks with them, they recognize my feeling on the matter and respect it, whether they are Protestant or non-Protestant."





The Little Witch

[PART TWO]

By EUNICE D.

AND

RALPH E. DODGE

EVEN the crowing of the village roosters did not awaken Marie. At 7:45 Jane, the girls' school headmistress, who was on her way to the classroom, tapped gently on her door. Marie, startled from deep sleep, slowly reconstructed the experiences of the night. Dressing quickly, she inquired of the native cook as to the health of the little "witch." He knew nothing, so Marie decided to see her little patient immediately, before breakfasting. As she left the house, she called back over her shoulder, "Pedro, don't break those eggs or make the toast until I return." The cook grumbled to himself about the impossibility of getting his morning work done in so irregular a household, but he was not imprudent enough to retort thus to Miss Lindquist. Making certain that all the other ladies were engaged in their morning duties, he leisurely consumed the buttered toast he had already prepared for the nurse.

Marie found Titia just back of her hut teaching some of the younger girls how to plant sweet potatoes. The early morning rain had left the soil in ideal planting condition. The girls were chattering as they systematically placed sweet potato shoots at three-foot intervals in the mounded rows of rich moist loam. Seeing the nurse, Titia left the girls and the two walked to the matron's hut. They found Domingas as Titia had left her, breathing heavily but regularly as she lay on her grass mat. The two women did not disturb the sleeping baby, but Marie ventured to lightly touch the forehead; she smiled in satisfaction, for the baby was not so hot. Turning to Titia she instructed, "Let her sleep as long as she will. Rest is the best possible cure. When she awakens, give her some pow-

dered quinine mixed with a little sugar to counteract its bitterness. You will find goat's milk and nursing bottles in our kitchen. Pedro will heat the milk for you today. Give her a bottle every four hours. Don't take her out in the sun until her head has been cool for a few hours."

DOMINGAS started school when she was 6. When she was 12, she had passed the third class examinations. She now did beautiful fancy work, preferring above all others the cross-stitch patterns. In the field work she had been recently selected as monitor over a group of twelve second-year girls. But she did not like the classroom. Portuguese was so hard for her and now *all* instruction was in that language. She had appealed to Miss Lindquist who had promised to let her begin nurses' training in the fall, but still she was not satisfied.

The dry season marking the beginning of her thirteenth year would soon begin. At 13 an African girl becomes interested in a home and family. Many of her classmates were already "chosen" and were waiting impatiently for the *lobola* (dowry) to be paid. As yet Domingas did not have a suitor—that is, no one had made *lobola* arrangements with Titia. Of course, the boys liked to be near her but the lack of a definite suitor made Domingas very sad. She often wondered if Titia had told anyone else about her background. If the boys knew she had been condemned as a witch, she might not find favor among them, except for second-generation Christians who had had thorough teaching. Titia was kind to her, but her foster mother did not understand these inner worryings.

At night when the moon was bright and the sound of drums and marimbas floated unimpeded throughout the valley, her heart pounded her ribs so loudly she could not sleep. The rhythm of the tom-toms tickled her feet until she could not keep them still. Of course, she did not attend these pagan dances; she was a Christian; nevertheless, the music stirred her deeply. Everything seemed to make

her restless and impatient—especially those three endless hours of class work.

As she lay on her grass mat, she mused, "When the rains begin, I shall be as refreshed as the drooping trees. As a nurse, I shall learn how to care for babies and do things of a practical nature. This classroom instruction bores me terribly. But I can stand another four months of it, I suppose," she sighed.

Domingas had never heard that passing clouds make the sun, when it reappears, seem brighter and warmer. All during the dry season, she was listless, quick-tempered, and at times, definitely rude to Titia. Once when the moon was brightest, she had deliberately broken compound rules and had slipped away for a rendezvous with Julio Miguel, a boy whose home was only fifteen miles from Bango-uango. Upon returning, she found Titia waiting on the little porch outside her door. Titia never told the missionaries about the episode, but Domingas heard her tell God all about it. Remorse fought satisfaction through a sleepless night, and in the morning Domingas knew she would have to apologize to her foster mother.

In mid-September, a delegation of unknown people crossed the river below the mission. From a traveler they learned where Titia lived and directed their steps to her hut. Seeing them from the river, the matron put her water jug on her head and came to welcome the visitors. The party was composed of six men and three women. Their leader spoke:

"I am the maternal uncle of Graça Tavares, who paternal home is in Qui-ongua, twelve miles from Bango-uango. You know our son, Graça, do you not?"

Titia nodded. Graça had been made an assistant teacher in the boys' school that year. Although only 16, he had qualified for a government-issued teacher's diploma.

"Our son Graça," continued the spokesman, as his companions settled themselves comfortably on the porch where the sun warmed their thinly-clad backs, "has reached the age when he should be provided with a wife. He speaks highly

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 22

of your daughter, Domingas. To him she appears thrifty and even-tempered. The boys in school often speak of her physical charm, we are told. Is it possible that she is home this morning?"

Titia informed them that Domingas had recently begun nurse's training in the hospital but that she would be home for lunch in a few minutes.

"May we have the honor of sharing our simple noonday meal with you?" Titia inquired.

Her visitors demurred, stating that a relative of theirs was living in a nearby village. They would lunch there. Before taking leave, the visitors each left an inexpensive present for Titia and Domingas. It was arranged that they would return in mid-afternoon to meet Domingas and continue negotiations. That evening they would dine at the matron's home.

Deliberately taking the longer road which led past the hospital, the Tavares family group was rewarded by seeing four student nurses leaving the hospital. The girls were neatly clad in starched blue and white uniforms. Their bare legs glistened below the knee-length skirts; none of them wore shoes. Each was a perfect example of physical vitality, and the visitors hoped Domingas was in that group.

At 3:30 the Tavares delegation returned. Domingas was called from the garden where she was working; she was introduced and then dismissed. As she returned to her work, she wondered what she should do. Graça was a respected young man who would provide well for her. In color he was much lighter than she, his paternal grandparent having

been a European. Some people thought this racial mixture to be an advantage. Perhaps it was, but Domingas loved Julio more than Graça. Julio was black; he was still in school. Yet, for months Domingas had hoped he might ask for her hand. As she worked, she brooded, "Here is an offer of marriage from an esteemed family. To turn it down would be foolhardy. Yet I love Julio. Does Julio love me, or will he ask for another?"

This was the question which troubled Domingas. As she hoed corn, Domingas made up her mind. She would accept any decision made by Titia as final. However, should the matter be left to her, she would wait for Julio. She had scarcely determined upon this course of action when she heard Titia calling, "Domingas, darling, an important matter awaits your decision."

FOLLOWING a chicken dinner with silver bananas for dessert,

Domingas was asked to express herself regarding the request of the Tavares family. Sitting on a low stool in a corner of the combined dining room and parlor Domingas spoke,

"I have known for many moons the renown of the Tavares family in the region of Pungo Andongo. As merchants they have established a reputation for

The spokesman for the Tavares family rose. "Widow Titia," said he, "we live in a changing world."



Illustrator

HENRY LUHRS

integrity and enterprise. A favorite son, Graça, has faithfully exemplified the family name and traditions in the field of scholarship. Now you have honored me by asking me to become a member of such a revered family. My friends would probably reason for my acceptance." Then she stopped. "I thank you sincerely for your offer. Were I to accept, I would be well treated, I know." Again she paused. "Such a decision is difficult for a girl to make. But my love for another forces me in all honesty to say no to your kind offer." Domingas dropped her glance to the packed mud floor.

The spokesman for the Tavares family rose. "Widow Titia," said he, "we live in a changing world. You were undoubtedly married by your parents without your consent, as were my wife and I. Today conditions are different; youth now speaks for itself. Let not the words of the girl Domingas be final, for our son greatly desires her. She has not had time to consider adequately all that is involved. Let her weigh the matter for a month. Perhaps in the interim she could benefit from your wisdom and experience."

Farewells were said and the Tavares family went out into the bright moonlight. The spokesman called back in parting, "We shall return when the next

The visitors sitting under the banana tree noted the strong, clean limbs of Domingas, her close-cropped hair, the starched blue dress with white cuffs and collar.

moon is bright.

That evening Domingas did not sleep. She wished the affair could have been settled definitely. Perhaps, however, Graça was more desirable than she had thought. She would observe him more carefully during the weeks immediately ahead. Just as the moon slid behind the nearby hill, Domingas fell asleep harboring the pleasant thought that tomorrow she could tell the girls that she too was desired for a wife!

THE VILLAGE COUNCIL of Bango-uango was again in session. Six years previously the village had been divided; most of the younger families had withdrawn a quarter of a mile from the confusion of the older location and had begun a planned village. The new part of Bango-uango had been built in rectangular form. All the houses were in carefully spaced rows facing the inner court. Back of each house was a kitchen and behind that stood the chicken coop, pig pen, or cattle corral.

In the upper center of the court stood a church; a school building was still to be erected in the lower center. The pastor's house, plastered and whitewashed, was in the center of the upper end of the rectangle. A place for the teacher's house had been reserved in the lower line of houses. In the absence of a teacher,

the Rev. Manuel Pipa was also temporarily exercising that function. He knew, as did his superiors in the mission, that he was not properly prepared for teaching, and the superintendent was looking for a young man to fill the vacancy. In the eyes of his fellow villagers, Mr. Pipa's deep piety partially atoned for his lack of training. The inhabitants of this new section of the village had chosen their pastor to be one of their representatives on the village council. He was now participating in the session of the council.

Kandumba Ndala, father of the little "witch," had recently been made village headman. Already he had endeared himself to his people because of his democratic spirit and breadth of outlook. Although he represented the older element of the village, he was also acceptable to the younger, Christian members.

Antonio, a Christian young man, was now speaking.

"As a boy of twelve, I recall having listened from behind those rocks to a special session of this council. You may remember it more vividly than I, for most of you are older than me. Since then twelve dry seasons have passed. I refer to the meeting at which Domingas, daughter of our headman, Kandumba, and his wife, Mvunji Mahamba, was condemned to death on a charge of witchcraft. Following that, however, she was rescued by some missionaries. I have

(Continued on page 87)



By CLARENCE

W. HALL

WAR CORRESPONDENT

WITH victory finally achieved in the Pacific, many tales will be told of missionary Christianity surviving rocklike under the Japanese heel. This account concerns Shosei Kina on bloody Okinawa, and of how he kept alive the flame of faith.

WANDERING about off the war-beaten paths of Okinawa recently, I stumbled upon one of the dramatic little evidences of the virility of the Christian seed that immemorially springs up from missionary endeavor. I found it in the village of Shimmabuke, near Koza, not far from where the original American landings were made.

It was a tight little community of 150 Christians, native Okinawans, who had sprung from a few converts made thirty years ago by a Methodist missionary passing through the island on his way to Japan. The missionary's labors had not been extensive, just the casual doings of a man "preaching the Gospel as he went," and since his brief stay at the remote village those few days thirty years ago, the community had neither seen another missionary nor had any contact with other Christians. All they had to guide them into Christian development and maturity was a Japanese Bible the missionary left behind.

But apparently that was enough—that plus the imparted zeal for spreading the Gospel which was the heritage the missionary left to his two or three converts. One of them was Shosei Kina, who later became a sort of superintendent of schools of the growing village and who during these years has been teaching Christianity, via that same Bible, to students in his schools.

When the Japanese came to Okinawa in force to fortify it against possible invasion, they frowned upon Shosei Kina's zeal and insisted that he keep his repugnant Christianity to himself. And when he refused to do so, they replaced him. But he carried on his missionary labors just the same, and with his brother, Mojon, and their families, they held the native Christians together. And several evenings a week the whole community would assemble to hear Shosei Kina read from the original Bible the missionary had left thirty years before. It was pretty well worn by this time, but its

PAGE 25 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945



Shosei Kina and his brother, missionary-taught Okinawans, greet invading GI's.

message was still as bright as ever, even brighter in these times of darkness.

Then came the Americans, storming across the center of the island. And when they swept up to Shimmabuke, among the first native Okinawans to greet them were Shosei Kina and his brother Mojon. It wasn't of the war they wished to ask—the issues were a little confusing to village folk who had been

accustomed to terrors of one kind or another all their life. Nor was it to protest the screaming shells and the bursting bombs that terrified the people of Shimmabuke and left part of the village in smoking ruins and the sound of mourning in many homes.

All Shosei Kina and his brother Mojon knew was that these were Americans,

(Continued on page 92)

What CAN ONE MAN DO?

MODERN life is greatly in need of a new declaration of independence. Mass opinions determine so many personal opinions and mass action determines so much individual action, that the average person has almost ceased to live his own life.

A part of this condition is due to the war, of course. It could not be otherwise in an all-out effort. But let's be fair, even with the war. This loss of mastery over life is something that has been creeping in upon us for at least a generation.

As life becomes collectivized the individual is sublimated. Labor organizations determine a very large part of the life of the worker, and commercial organizations fix the standards and conditions of life for the average small businessman. The traditional American ideal of free enterprise has an attractive sound, but it simply does not exist. Neither worker nor employer are free.

There was a time when parents could



SERMON

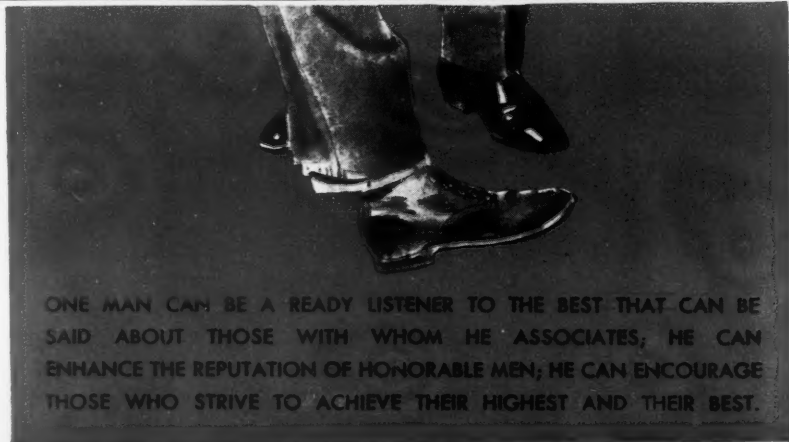
By

ROY L. SMITH

EDITOR, THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

throw safeguards around their children and protect them against many of the debasing influences of life. Persons of low morals and vulgar speech were not permitted to enjoy the hospitality of the home. Books and periodicals that exploited the lewd and lascivious could be burned. But today the defenses of the home have been broken down along many fronts, and our children are exposed to influences which we deprecate but cannot control.

A high-minded Christian mother came to her pastor in great distress to tell him of tragic discoveries she had made in the life of her 17-year-old daughter. "Where did she get such ideas?" she sobbed.



ONE MAN CAN BE A READY LISTENER TO THE BEST THAT CAN BE SAID ABOUT THOSE WITH WHOM HE ASSOCIATES; HE CAN ENHANCE THE REPUTATION OF HONORABLE MEN; HE CAN ENCOURAGE THOSE WHO STRIVE TO ACHIEVE THEIR HIGHEST AND THEIR BEST.

"WHAT ARE THEY AMONG SO MANY?"

John 6:9



"Certainly she did not get them in our home, for such terrible things are utterly foreign to us, and we have done everything in our power to protect our children against them."

She was quite right. Those corrupting ideas had not been encountered in that splendid home, but that foolish girl was picking up strange and dangerous ideas in many fields outside her home, and when the matter was mentioned to her mother that good woman cried out in the anguish of her soul, "*What can one person do?*"

The helplessness of the individual pitted against the crowd was expressed by one of Jesus' disciples when, face to face with thousands of hungry people, the disciples surveyed their resources and found them to consist of five barley loaves and two small fishes. "*What are these among so many?*" said the one.

Perhaps the feeling of utter inadequacy is expressed more frequently in connection with the international situation, just at this moment, than in anything else. With great nations riding roughshod over traditions, precedents, and popular appeals, and with life under the strictest control in history, men are everywhere asking "What can one man do?"

Honest men everywhere want peace. So, also, they want justice. Ask the first thousand individuals you meet on the street, and not one of them will be found to be interested in colonies. Ask the soldiers at the front, and almost with one accord they will say they want to go home. The plain man asks very little from his government—a fair deal in the courts, a chance to earn an honest living at productive toil, security for his savings and his old age. But as he sees great nations setting up vast political schemes which he cannot understand or influence, he cries out in his helplessness, "*What can one man do?*"

Certainly, the suggestions which are to be made do not promise to remedy all the world's ills, nor do they offer assurance that any of the major problems of life will be solved, but at any rate they will go far toward stabilizing one's Christian integrity and maintaining one's personal self-respect.

THROUGHOUT the world today there is a great hue and cry demanding a free press, with an open access to the news, that all the world may know. Certainly any Christian will support such a demand, for there is no hope for peace in secrecy.

More necessary even than that the world shall know the news is that the mind of the world shall open to the news. The closed mind is the stronghold of tyranny and the most dangerous foe of progress. It is the closed mind that has crucified every saviour the world has sent to a cross. The history of its villainies is a long one. It has locked laboratories, thrust scientists into dungeons, perpetuated injustices, fired the faggots under the feet of the martyrs, incited to violence, raised barriers between great peoples, closed doors of opportunity, extinguished the light of truth,

THE MOVIES and Religion

IF YOU will examine the records of motion pictures, you'll find that all films with religious themes have been successful. The motion-picture industry is to be congratulated and thanked for producing these pictures. Unhappily, there haven't been enough of them. For each religious film there have been dozens of pictures exploiting divorce, drunkenness, war and crime. I readily admit that the screen is a reflection of daily life. Therefore we must have motion pictures of all types.

But do the producers forget that for every gangster there are scores of God-loving people? For every divorce there are many happy marriages? For every bad boy and bad girl there are scores of good boys and girls? Why then, must Hollywood, in making pictures which presumably reflect our way of life, so completely change the ratio of good and bad? If your studios would insert more religion into their pictures, not just the religion of the Bible, but the religion of decency and godliness, the profits would be as great or greater, and the effect upon America's younger generation would not be so dangerous.

Jimmie Fidler

and championed the cause of oppressors.

The closed mind is never interested in the evidence; it is only interested in the verdict. It is never willing to go into any court unless it owns the judge. It fights every effort to bring facts to light, is never able to see more than one side of a question, and is opposed to all change except that which it sponsors in its own behalf.

Nothing is more certain today than the fact that we will be living in a new world when the hostilities are over. Never again will we live in so complacent and scattered a world as that of 1938. The war has brought us face to face with one another, as nations. The airplane and the robot bomb have bridged the Atlantic and the Pacific, and no spot in America is more than sixty hours away from any other spot in the world.

Two families, living a mile apart in the country, decided to retire and move to the city. In that rural neighborhood they had been intimate friends for forty years, without a disagreeable word between them, but when they arrived in the city and undertook to live in two houses fifteen feet apart they found themselves face to face with an entirely different problem. One family had taken chickens to town and the other had taken garden seeds. They soon discovered that it required a great deal more Christian grace to live together, fifteen feet apart with chickens and garden seeds involved, than it did to live a mile apart where nothing was involved.

The only hope for world peace, in the new world, rests with the open-mindedness of the people who make up the population of the nations. The Christian who maintains an open mind toward the Russians, the British, the Chinese, and the Latin Americans will be making an actual contribution to world peace.

The man with the open mind is one who is willing to weigh new facts and admit their worth. He is ready to try new methods, even if they have never been tried before. He will listen to men who can give him facts and tell him the truth, regardless of their color or creed. He will accept criticism from anyone qualified to give it; he will reorganize his thinking, if necessary, to make room for a new fact; he will accept instruction from anyone who can teach him a better way of life, even though that one is not of his political faith.

IT LIES within the power of every man to create a market for the highest and best things of life. Very few of us are able to create great music, but any of us can furnish an audience for it. Very few of us can write a great book, but any of us can buy such a one in preference to one that is filled with prejudice and trash. Only occasionally do we find a man who can make a great

(Continued on page 65)

By **RUSSELL
CARTWRIGHT
STROUP**

WITH peace in the Pacific, justice and wisdom should compel our Government to give the representatives of the Christian Churches of America a voice in the settlement of Far Eastern affairs. No other group has a greater interest in or knowledge of the problems of the Pacific. Knowing the attitude of the State Department, this may sound like a preposterous proposal, but our right should be insisted upon by our Church leaders both for the sake of our own future in the East and for the best interests of a lasting peace. The blundering ineptitude which has too often characterized our nation's dealings in this part of the world, might be rectified by the inclusion of Christian leaders in the councils of state. And why not?

It is very certain that our Government will not ignore the representatives of foreign trade and banking at the peace table. Second only to our concern with military security will be our consideration of the future of commerce in the Orient. If Standard Oil, American Tobacco, or General Motors have

The Peace of God **... IN ASIA**

the right to be heard and heeded by our diplomats, how much more so the Christian Church? Even from a strictly material point of view, the Church has a stake in Asia greater than any of these commercial concerns. Church properties in the Orient represent a greater capital investment than those held by Standard Oil.

If the considerations of peace are to be brought down to the level of the countinghouse, here too the Church can claim priority. For a hundred years the Church has been pouring money into the Orient and it will continue to do so. If the Government be not permitted to ignore the investments of General Motors stockholders, why ignore the millions of "stockholders" of the Christian Communion, who by their constant contributions to missions have invested no insignificant sum in Asia, which from a material point of view they have every right to insist should be protected. Not all the stockholders of all the corporations with business in the Far East equal in numbers the men and women who have consistently donated their money to the cause of missions. The fact that they expect no tangible returns from their outlay, does not lessen but rather strengthens their interest in and concern for their "investment."

It is high time the Church took a realistic view in these matters and insisted upon receiving consideration on a par with that accorded to economic interests. In anticipating the peace, there has been a lot of discussion about how best to insure a revival and extension of the business of the West in the undeveloped nations of the East. What of the extension of missions? Is not this also a legitimate concern of Government if Government represents the wishes of the people and exists to protect and further their interests? There are millions of Americans who are vitally concerned with the cause of missions. By their donations they have demonstrated the reality

of their concern in a manner which Governments can appreciate. We in the Church may know that we do not place such things on so sordid a basis, but we are dealing with those who do and there is no reason why we should not speak in a language which they understand. If we must, let us insist that we have "bought" the right to be heard at the peace table. Our reservations have been paid for in good hard cash. We insist on being seated. We refuse to be ignored.

It is probable that the conditions conducive to the furtherance of missions may run contrary to the desires of the economic interests. Who then should be heard and heeded? As we have pointed out, our material investments are at least as great, but we have an even better claim. A democracy should not ignore, even in its foreign policy, the interests of its constituents. Who can doubt the vital concern of millions of Americans in the peoples of Asia, due largely to the influence of Christian missions? It ought to be abundantly apparent even to politicians that American Christians do not contemplate with indifference the fate of the Chinese people, for example. This concern is something stronger and more compelling than hope of economic advantage or fear of international aggression. It is somewhat analogous to a peoples' natural concern for the fate of their own nationals who may constitute a minority group in some other country. The millions of Christians in the Far East are, in the minds of Christians, brothers in Christ and the proper objects of our solicitude.

To a lesser degree the same might be said for the hundreds of millions of potential converts in Asia. If the Standard Oil Corporation can ask for and receive assistance in seeking to secure a market of 400 million Chinese, so might we insist that insofar as it is possible the peace in Asia should be such as to insure the maximum advantage to Christian missions in their efforts to reach the souls of the Far East. We can insist the more earnestly since the conditions we desire are, quite naturally, the desire of the Asiatics, themselves. The "right" peace would make possible the continuation of our amazing advance in the Christianizing of Asia. The "wrong" peace could hinder our success for a hundred years. A great many Christians in America realize the whole missionary program depends on the character of the peace. To us this is vital. We have not only the right but the duty to insist that we should not be ignored.

That the Church has men qualified to sit at the peace table cannot be questioned. Our State Department "experts" on Far Eastern affairs have no better grasp of the problems of the Orient than have many of our outstanding missionaries.

The naive idea that diplomats are "on the inside" and "have the facts" and consequently cannot be questioned or advised by civilian amateurs, is nonsense if we consider the record of the past quarter century. Your diplomat would probably argue that he views the matter realistically whereas the missionary is a starry-eyed idealist. The truth is that these silk-hatted "realists" have made a mess of things. It is high time the diplomacy of Asia get out of morning clothes into shirt sleeves. The problems of Asia will be solved only from the point of view of tea and rice, not champagne and caviar. If proof of this is needed, let us review the recent past.

It was not the missionaries but the diplomats who insisted on a policy of appeasement for Japan. The missionaries to both China and Japan have long advocated firmness in dealing with the Nipponese. They knew, as apparently the diplomats did not, the character of the Japanese and the conditions in greater East Asia. Their advice was ignored. Instead, the State Department listened to the

"practical" advice of commercial interests who insisted that it would be foolish to offend a good customer like Japan. It was the missionaries who were the mainstay of the movement to place an embargo on the shipment of cotton, scrap iron, oil, and motor vehicles to strengthen the military machine of Japan. But the State Department in its "wisdom" was deaf to their entreaties—with the result known to every American soldier in the Southwest Pacific who is suffering, along with the people of China, from the weapons we placed in the hands of the militarists of Japan. In the light of events, which policy was "realistic?"

It was the missionary, again, who for years urged aid to the desperately struggling Chinese knowing as they did that peace in Asia and the world depended upon a strong and independent China. What little assistance the United States gave as a nation was doled out to placate the demands of the American people stirred by the propaganda of our missionaries. It was never the policy of either the United States or Great Britain to render effective or adequate aid.

Before Pearl Harbor, when the way into China was still open, if we had shipped to China some of the lend-lease matériel that went in such quantities to England, we would have immeasurably shortened the war in the Far East. The loss of many American lives and long months of battle might have been avoided if the "wisdom" of diplomats had given way to the "foolishness" of preachers.

In refusing adequate aid to China, both before and after the commencement of hostilities, our State Department ran counter to the repeated expression of public opinion. It is a mistake to imagine that even in times of national emergency, a democratic government has the right to formulate (Continued on page 67)



"PAPA WAS A PREACHER"

... is the rollicking saga of one preacher's family. It is an Abingdon-Cokesbury best-selling book (over 100,000 to date), and it is CHRISTIAN HERALD's new serial, starting in the November issue.

Papa (above, "scolding" his author-daughter while her brothers and sisters—there were eight children—look on) was unusual. So is this story! Alyene Porter wrote it with tongue in cheek, dipping her pen in laughter and love, telling exactly what happened in what must have been the most hilarious parsonage in the history of Methodism. This is as beguiling a collection of preacher's kids as you'll ever meet.

If you have no sense of humor, please don't read it. But if you still care for fun—and the old-time religion—don't miss a word of it! And it...

BEGINS NEXT MONTH

Up to the Funnybone

By Margaret Lee Runbeck

IN these days . . . (ever notice how an article that begins "In these days" usually runs on to some long-faced conclusion? Well, this article is one that is trying to break that rule!) Now to begin again. . .

In these days, when there is so much that is serious and disquieting to think about, every grown-up ought to have a few children on his list of intimate friends. Not for the children's sakes. For ours. Because whatever we do for children, they do for us much, much more. And usually they don't suspect they have given us anything.

If you have become a little top-heavy, maybe you need to lay down your work, go out and sit on a park bench and strike up a conversation with some youngster. A little one or a bigger one; size doesn't matter. Except in one way: you must forget that there is any difference between you. You must assume that you are contemporaries and compatriots, each seeing the world from your own angle, and willing to discuss it as equals.

A very learned man I know was telling me about a boy who has befriended him.

"How big is he?" I asked, trying to get a picture of this friendship.

"How big? Why, I don't know . . ." He made a vague indication of height. "Anyway, he comes just about up to my funny bone." That is a good height, and all of us need at least one friend that size.

I've never heard just what letter the fun-vitamin is known by. But we surely require an adequate supply of it in a wholesome mental diet. Children will give it to us more readily than any other sort of companionship. Adults without children somewhere on the fringe of their viewpoint are apt to be pretty pompous persons. And nobody enjoys a pompous person . . . not even the individual who occupies the same pair of shoes with him.

Fortunately, in the midst of all the other shortages so prevalent this year, there is no shortage of children. If you

NOBODY HAS WRITTEN A BOOK FOR CHILDREN ON "HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE." CHILDREN JUST NATURALLY ARE FRIENDLY IF WE WATCH THEY WILL SHOW US HOW TO BE.



needed any proof that the general public has become more patient and tolerant and elastic-minded than we were in our snugly secure years, just notice the way people help the mother surrounded by small children. She is everybody's responsibility this year. We all try in our various ways to make up for the invisible head of the house, who is doing another kind of job, as much for our sake as for his family's. He is off somewhere fighting our battle; the least we can do is give a hand with his children. And how gladly would he change places with us for an hour!

A young woman with three quite small children recently crossed this country in a day coach.

"However did you manage?" she was asked.

"Manage? Why, I just got on the train and forgot the children. All kinds of people took them over. Mostly grandmothers and grandfathers, I guess they were."

All of us wear our sympathies and emotions very close to the edge of our actions these days; all of us welcome a chance to do things for strangers, because most of us have some distant one for whom we can do nothing.

So, since there is no shortage of children, and since we have kindness to spend anyway, we might as well help out with them.

"Traveling is more broadening this year than ever," a bachelor told me. "I had kids in my lap during the whole journey."

"I thought you didn't like children," I reminded him. He grinned sheepishly.

"I used to have 'em in my hair . . . this year I've got 'em in my arms."

I thought it wasn't polite to mention it to him, but the broadening has improved him. He's likely to recover from chronic bacheloritis, if he keeps on!

Sometimes people admit they're afraid of children.

"I just don't know how to get along with them," they say. But all you have to do to master the art of being friends with children is to smile back. Nobody has ever written a book for children on "How to win friends and influence people." Children just naturally are friendly; if we watch they'll show us how to be.

Once you open this new window in your viewpoint, you will soon find yourself the owner and operator of a brand new hobby. You'll discover you possess a limitless treasure, and the more you draw on your account of friendship-with-the-young, the richer you will be.

Every street, every train, every hotel lobby is filled with children who will help you get started. They never are too busy to have some fun; fact is, they haven't got anything more important to do. You get the idea when you are with children that there isn't anything more important than being happy . . . and learning something new . . . and appreciating the good world God made for us. Just possibly they are right about that; maybe nothing is more important. Maybe much of our complicated trouble comes from thinking some other things matter more.

Children can enjoy almost anything, even an emergency. A little boy I know said, "We had the swellest time. Had to sit for nearly two hours in a broken-down bus! More fun. I thought maybe we might have to sit all night."

"What did you do?"

"Well, I ate a lady's lunch she gave me. And then when they got to changing the tire, the man let me hold the flashlight. Golly. More fun."

Children are a trifle on their guard when they talk to most grown-ups, so the best conversations are the ones you overhear. For instance, I heard two little girls about 9 and 7, evidently getting acquainted.

"But what's your middle name?" the older child asked. "Julia what-what Osbert?"

The little girl, eager to measure up, said persuasively, "Julia Isabelle Osbert. You think that's all right? For a name?"

The older girl repeated the three names, testing the syllables expertly.

"Julia Isabelle Osbert . . . that makes sense. Some people's names just don't make a bit of sense."

The smaller child looked very much relieved; the big child looked gracious, having bestowed a compliment; and I looked as if I hadn't heard.

Children are wholesomely objective about their own faults. They wear their little selves turned inside-out, so to speak, so that the patches and seams have no privacy. Unless they have been shamed into self-consciousness about their faults, they don't defend them too much with alibis and explanations. To begin with, they don't think faults are permanent. After all, they live in a state of constant improvement from day to day. "Started out from scratch with nothing much to our credit, and worked up this far," their attitude towards themselves says, "probably keep going until we're perfect."

Consequently, since shortcomings are neither permanent nor fatal, children are not particularly embarrassed about them. If adults had the same expectation about reforming themselves, the race might really get somewhere!

A little chubby girl I know came home from school and said without any chagrin:

"No matter if I give other children my cupcake, they'd rather not eat their lunch with me."

"Why do you suppose that is?" her mother asked, trying to be as tactfully casual as possible, so her child's feelings wouldn't be hurt.

But the little girl was cheerfully impersonal about the whole situation.

"Well, I suppose they think I'm bossy," she said.

"And are you?"

"Yep," she said, taking a lollipop out of her mouth to accommodate a wide grin.

"Planning to do anything about it?" her mother asked.

She thought a minute, still grinning. "Yep," she said. "Guess I'll have to get over it. You can't boss people around if they won't play with you."

Now that the back-to-school parade passes my house every morning, I do some good eavesdropping. A jacaranda tree grows outside my study window. (Continued on page 93)



For sheer enjoyment, give me the society of little boys and little girls. They keep me from ever becoming a hundred percent grown-up; and in those missing percents lies my hope of improvement and progress.

Try THE NEW THING!

By
CHARLES M. SHELDON



Dr. Sheldon, veteran of the pulpit, gives counsel to young ministers.

I started out in the ministry with a church in the country. It was the first one I served, and I went to it right out of theological school. Perhaps some of the things I learned there might be of use to some young preacher just starting out in his own "church in the country." I wish all young preachers might start there; I know of no better place to begin.

This church of mine was a good-sized building on a large tract of ground. It had a large basement used as Sunday-school headquarters and for church dinners, and there was a good organ and a good choir; I could always count on that choir. But I hadn't been there very long before I began to worry over my small congregations. The auditorium (we hadn't learned to call it "the sanctuary," as you do now) would seat 500, but it seldom had half of that. I worked hard preaching to that congregation, trying to make an impression. Then, suddenly, I saw something.

I saw men and women cupping their ears, trying to hear—and I realized with a shock that many of my older farmer-congregation were deaf. They came faithfully enough; they stayed to eat lunch out under the trees, and to worship again at a 2 o'clock service—but they couldn't hear a thing! I went over to Montpelier (yes, this was Vermont) one Monday morning and made arrangements to have a large number of my sermons printed; the following Sunday I announced that printed copies of the sermons would be found at the rear of the auditorium, and that they were free for the taking. If they wanted to leave a little something, to help pay for the printing, I'd be glad to have them drop their nickels or dimes in a box near the door. I didn't expect many nickels or dimes, and I was wrong again. I took enough out of that little

box to pay all my printing bills, and there was always a little left over—which I gave to the janitor.

I asked the farmers who took the sermons to do a little missionary work—to distribute the printed copies to the local shut-ins who couldn't get to church. They did a thorough job of it; my congregation increased by leaps and bounds, and I began to preach to people I never saw in the church pew. You young fellows might try it. There's no reason why you should confine your preaching to the pulpit. What do you suppose God made the printer for?

There was a little hotel in the village, where I had my room and ate my meals. The room was all right, but the meals could stand a lot of improvement. I ate all my Sunday meals with the congregation, out there under the trees near the church. One Sunday after we had eaten, I asked the farmers if it wouldn't be a good thing to spade up some of this church property that was unused six days a week, plant vegetables and sell them to the hotel. They looked at the land and then they looked at me; they said it might be all right, but they had never thought of using church ground for such a thing as *that*. I told them I didn't think God would object to our using some of His land that way, so they said, "All right, go ahead."

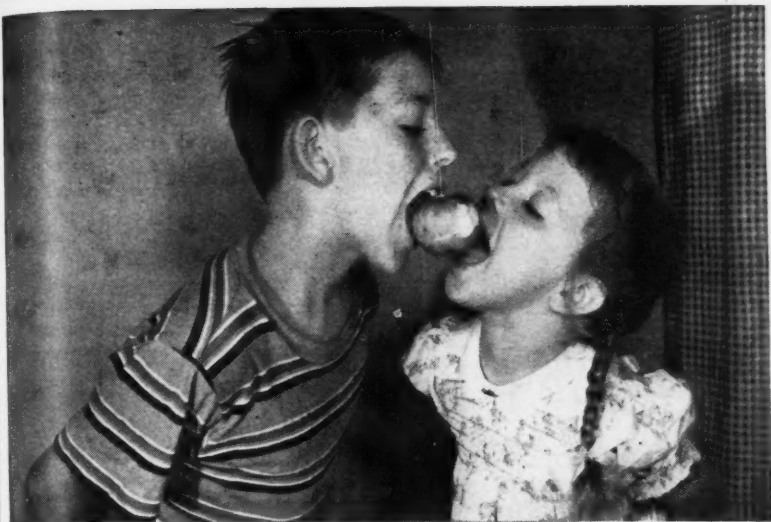
I went to town on Monday, bought a supply of seed out of my own salary, borrowed a spade from one of my parishioners and dug up quite a good-sized patch. I knew I was being watched; this

thing just *had* to succeed. It did succeed. By the end of the summer we were not only selling to the hotel, but to a number of village people as well. We made a little petty cash, which was the smallest part of the profit. The *real* profit came in several men who had never belonged to a church, but who came first to help in the garden and then to worship with us. We got hold of quite a few boys and girls, too, who came around to help; the young people finally took over the whole project, and ran it better than we oldsters had run it. It may have been "unusual," but you see, it's the unusual that gets hold of people, not the usual!

I found that the unusual paid big dividends when I began visiting my people. I had a horse and buggy, and I would announce a week in advance just where I would be calling during the next six days. Often, I would drop in at dusk. That was a great time to drop in, for it meant I was usually invited to stay for supper. (Yes, *supper*; not city-folks' dinner!) After supper, I would ask the nearest neighbor to come over, and we'd all have a fine time visiting. And it always worked itself into a prayer meeting, before I left for my little room in the hotel. Try that sometime, young fellow: try a spontaneous prayer meeting when you go out to call. You'll be surprised . . .

I suppose I was almost unorthodox when I occasionally turned the morning service into a prayer service, with no sermon. I even ventured now and then to

(Continued on page 60)



PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE VIEW.

Apple games are perennial favorites at children's Hallowe'en parties.



I CAN'T keep this letter, written by Mrs. Mae Thomson Boyd, Hollywood, Cal., any longer. I just have to pass it on to you. Why? Well, the day I got it, it hit the nail on the head, with a problem that we were talking about at our church, and now that the fall session of most Sunday schools has gotten under way, there is bound to be the need for help that Mrs. Boyd's letter might fill. Every Sunday school has its proverbial "bad boys,"—the kind that "nobody loves but their mothers"—and each September, teachers look over their classes to see if they have inherited the problem children.

It's been the case in more than one Sunday school that the teacher has vowed she wouldn't teach if Johnny Smith should come to her class, and when he did—she didn't (teach)! But where would we be if we didn't take those adolescent boys in hand—who as Mrs. Boyd puts it are "breaking out at the seams"—and whip them back into shape, making them the backbone of the Sunday-school program? You think, that it can't be done? Well, here's Mrs. Boyd's experience, you might want to "try it for size."

The eighth-grade boys' class in this Hollywood church seemed to have the upper hand. That's what the teacher thought and resigned; he shook off the dust of the "most uncooperative class he had ever had." So, says Mrs. Boyd, "Optimistically, I started to replace the teacher, but asked eighteen men before Mr. Collins accepted. He taught on Sunday, Mrs. Collins called me away from my washing machine to break the news that Mr. Collins could not keep such "an uncooperative class." He had been a Scout leader and was used to discipline.

"After school that day, I phoned the class president and the vice-president to hurry with their lessons so that they could come over after dinner. Out on the front porch I told them of our dilemma and that I had no intention of asking anyone to take the class unless I could count on their cooperation. In fact, I did not know of anyone else to ask. Silence. A full minute of silence. Then out of the dusk I could see a flash on the face of the president as he said,

"I know! We will resign and elect the worst boys in the class as new officers, and then they will have to cooperate!"

"I said, 'All right. That means you will have to have a business meeting. Can you get the fellows here for dinner on Wednesday night?' 'Sure thing,' they said and raced off.

"This little pig went to market and struggled home with a rough estimate of the quantity of 'interior decorations' necessary to satisfy ten adolescent appetites. When I set the table, I admit I flinched a bit at the thought of my Haviland china, but I went ahead and put it on—and nothing happened to it. I have found that adolescents are pretty apt to measure up to apparent expectations, whether for better or for worse.

"When the third helpings ran out, I said, 'You can hold your business meeting while we clear up the kitchen.' A passer-by would not have been convinced that a business meeting was in session.



Atmosphere is important at Hallowe'en; there should be goblins and witches.

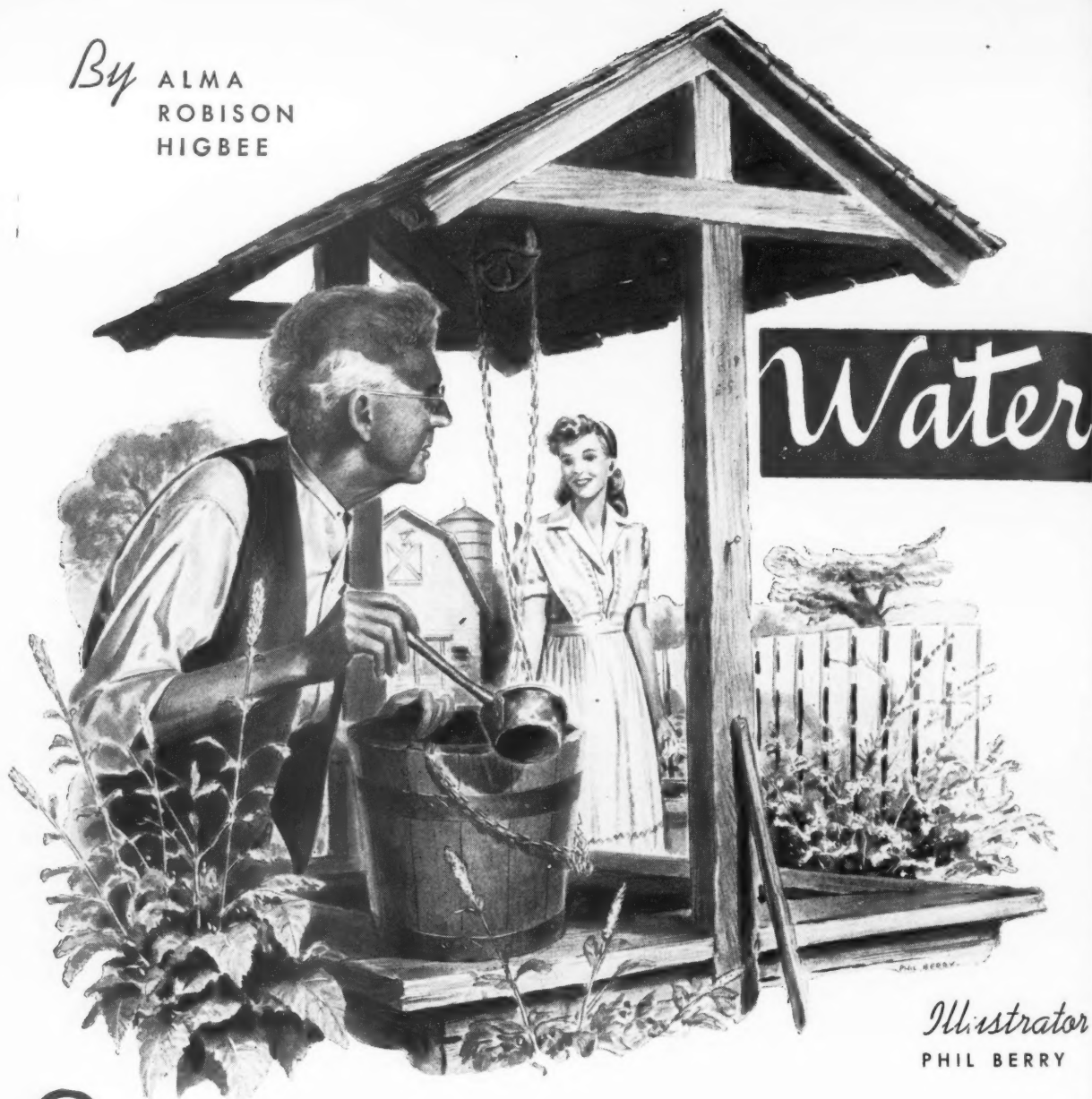
but there was one refrain above the shouting, 'Fellas, if we don't cooperate, we won't have a teacher.' As I hung up the dish pans, the lads burst into the kitchen to announce their new officers, and they wanted to go to the church in a body to ask Mr. Collins (who was attending the regular Wednesday night supper) to give them one more chance.

"I left the lads on a landing while I ventured into the dining room to find Mr. Collins. It seemed a bit diplomatic to wait until he finished his pie, so I went back to the boys and found them with heads bowed—the president was leading them in prayer! Soon Mr. Collins appeared and the president stepped forward with a manly apology for Sunday's behaviour, and then breathlessly introduced Jimmie, the sergeant-at-arms. 'He weighs 170 . . . if you'll please give us another chance.'

"Mr. Collins hesitated just long enough to make the suspense effective and then broke into a twinkling smile as he said, 'Well I weigh 290, so between us we

(Continued on page 84)

By ALMA
ROBISON
HIGBEE



Illustrator
PHIL BERRY

GRAN'PA could hear Ivy fussing around downstairs, rattling the dishes. Taking out his big silver watch, he looked at the time. One thirty and he was hungry. The kind of breakfasts Ivy fixed didn't stick to a feller's ribs. Coffee and toast, and toast wasn't nothing but burnt bread. Ivy had gotten some high falutin' notions since she moved to town, calling plain vittles by fancy names. Like the one she called *om-let*, that wasn't a thing but scrambled eggs.

He was thirsty too, but he had no taste for the water that came out of a spigot in the bathroom. He craved water from the old well back home, with the wooden box around it and mint growing on the north side. The moss of

years covered the inside of it and the water was cold and sweet. He had dug that well the year after he married Jenny. He could still remember how she looked, leaning down, her face reflected in the water below. How many times in after years the well had framed their two faces!

"Hey, Gramp, lunch is ready," Chalmer, his 10-year-old grandson called up the stairs. Used to be *dinner*, when a body ate in the middle of the day, Gran'pa thought. He sat for a moment, torn between his reluctance to face his daughter-in-law and the gnawing of his hunger. The latter won, so he rose and went slowly down the stairs. Ivy's voice, dull and monotonous as the persistent dripping of water came to him, then he

caught the tag-end of a sentence, "... some way to get rid of the old man this afternoon."

He heard Tuck's "S-h-h," and then silence as he came out to the breakfast nook where Tuck and Ivy sat on one side, the children, Bethene and Chalmer on the other. There was a plate at the end for him and as he looked at it, sweat stood out on his forehead like dew on a cucumber vine. Ivy didn't want him here.

Looking across at her, his heart plummeted down like a lead sinker in Huckleberry Creek. She didn't want him now but she'd been kind enough to him until she got him to deed the home place to Tuck and her, so they could sell it and

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 34

move to town. If only he had waited. Somehow he had a feeling that Johnny would come back some day. Even after eight years he might come. Gran'pa was a little sick remembering that Johnny had nothing to come home to now. Not even a roof over his head.

"Ivy, didn't you have some cold meat or something to warm up?" Tuck helped himself to salad and passed it to his father. "Green stuff don't stay with me."

"We'll have meat for dinner," Ivy snapped. "Here's rolls and butter and tea. My goodness, with rationing and

clean blue handkerchief. Bethene and Chalmer were giggling and he knew Ivy was watching him but he did not look up. Placing his cup noisily in his saucer, he got up, shuffling his feet.

For a moment silence in the room was like a close-held breath.

"Pa, you didn't eat much," Tuck said.

"I ain't very hungry, seems like," the old man passed gnarled fingers over his chin with a fumbling motion. "I ain't very . . . hungry."

As he climbed the stairs slowly, shielding his lame hip, Ivy's voice drifted after

Oh that one would give me drink . . . Suddenly he was filled with nostalgia that was like pain. To draw up a pail of water from the well at home, to tilt the old bucket and from its dripping brim, drink just once again. To bruise the green peppermint leaves and smell their sweet fragrance—that would be heaven!

But the home place belonged to strangers now—the house he put up, the barn he built, the well he dug. A man by the name of Swanson owned it. The place he had aimed for Tuck and Johnny to have.

He picked up his coat. His arms tangled in the sleeves where the lining was ripped, but he finally got it on. I must hunt up a needle and thread and sew that back, he thought, putting on his hat and thrusting his Bible into a pocket. Downstairs, he headed for the park.

At least they called it a park, though it was nothing more than a little island of grass with two benches on one side and a tree in the middle. They had moved to town in late autumn last year, and all winter Gran'pa had watched the tree, thinking it the loneliest thing in the world. He felt akin to the tree, somehow. It seemed as much out of place as he was.

The benches were occupied today, so he went on, crossing the car tracks to the sunny side of the street. He might as well walk a while. He could not go back while Ivy had her party. She didn't want him.

As he limped along, his mind went back twelve years, to the time when Tuck had married Ivy, right after Jenny died. Ivy had been pretty, in a peaked dark way, but from the day she first set her little snooping shoes on the land, there had been nothing but trouble.

(Continued on page 61)

from that well

everything, I don't see how you can expect so much. People stuff themselves anyway. It's unhealthy to eat such heavy meals."

Tuck buttered a roll and popped a fourth of it into his mouth. His stolid good-natured face was placid. "Kind of nice to get Saturdays off from work. Reckon I'll putter around the yard."

"Tuck Mackay, I never saw such a person," vexation shirred a bunch of wrinkles between Ivy's eyes. "You know I'm having my club here this afternoon and I don't want you fussing around. Besides I told Mrs. Hillard you wanted to go and play golf with her husband."

"You did?" Tuck looked up blank with surprise. "You know I can't do any good at that game. I don't even like it."

"You can learn, if you're ever going to amount to anything," Ivy said sharply. "You have to be like other people, if you aim to get ahead. Mr. Hillard plays golf and he's vice-president of his company. A big businessman. I think it's nice he takes you along."

Gran'pa felt an urgent need to defend his son's stand. "I'm danged if I can see anything to golf," he said in what he hoped was convincing tones. "I went out there and walked around with Tucky and Mr. Hillard and it nearly wore me out. 'Pears kind of silly to chase a little batsy ball all over a ten-acre cow pasture."

Chalmer snickered. "Say, that's a good one. Chasing a ball over a cow pasture!"

"Chalmer, eat your lunch," Ivy said sternly. "Too bad you don't keep quiet about things that don't concern you."

Gran'pa poured a spoonful of sugar into his tea and with a furtive glance at Ivy, filled up another one. Just then she impaled him with a cold look and he dropped the spoon back in the bowl. He stirred his tea, then sipped from the spoon, spilling a little on his blue shirt. Hastily he wiped his shirt front with a

him. "... leaving good food . . . bad example for the children . . ."

At the door of his room he paused a moment, standing with his hand on the knob. How can I go in that little two-by-four room again, he thought. He was sick for the good clean country wind, for wide green fields with the blue umbrella of sky overhead.

He opened the door and went in, looking around. The narrow cell-like room had been used for a storage closet and had only one small window. It was the only small room in all the big house. The bedroom at home had been big and airy. It used to smell of pine and lavender.

Crossing the room he picked up the open Bible and his eyes fell on a verse he had been reading before lunch. "And David longed and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well at Beth-lehem, which is by the gate!"



Gran'pa reached a hand across the table. She took it in her own and clung to it, smiling at him through her tears. Gran'pa felt strong and proud.



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

OCTOBER 1945

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

OCT.
1

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER
PSALM 51:1-4

"HAVE mercy upon me." This is every man's prayer. It befits the lips of the best of us as well as those of the worst. It is intensely personal. It is a plea not for justice, but for mercy. Nor is this penitent seeking for a meager measure of mercy. He does not ask for mercy in proportion to his need or to his guilt as great as such mercy would be. Instead he pleads that God grant him mercy according to His own loving kindness. That is, the measure of the blessing he asks is not his finite guilt, but God's infinite goodness.

Help us, Lord, to join with this seeker of the long ago in his plea for mercy. Amen.

OCT.
2

WHITER THAN SNOW
PSALM 51:5-7

"WASH me and I shall be whiter than snow." A saint who recently gladdened heaven by his arrival used to tell this story: "While in the hospital after a season of terrible agony, I sank into a restful sleep. During this sleep I dreamed that I had passed to my eternal home. Here a friend met me and led me into the immediate presence of my Lord. In His presence I had a vision of my own heart and it was a white heart. It was whiter than snow." I for one am sure that this glad dream has now come true for him as it may one day, even for you and me.

Grant us, Lord, to experience the miracle of Thy cleansing. Amen.

OCT.
3

STAYING POWER
PSALM 51:8-10

"RENEW a right spirit within me." "Put a new, steadfast spirit in me," is Moffatt's translation. All of us at times look wistfully toward the heights and long to climb. All of us feel in some measure the spell of goodness. There are few indeed who do not make some effort to attain. But too quickly we lose heart and give up the fight. One of the sins that Jesus seems to have hated most is

the sin of the quitter. "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit." Therefore let us join the Psalmist in prayer for staying power.

We pray Thee, Lord, for a new and steadfast spirit both for ourselves and for all Thy people. Amen.

OCT.
4

THE LOST SONG
PSALM 51:11-13

"RESTORE unto me the joy of Thy salvation." Here is a man who has lost his song. Once he was joyous, but that joy is now only a memory. How may he hope to recapture his lost radiance? How did he come by that radiance in the first place? It was born of his experience of salvation. He had come to know God as his Savior. His joy was therefore the effect of a divine cause. How then may he hope to recover it? Only by turning back to God who gave it. We can experience the joy of salvation only by being saved.

We thank Thee, Lord, for a salvation that enables us to sing while we serve. Amen.

OCT.
5

LIPS THAT GOD OPENS
PSALM 51:14-15

"OPEN Thou my lips." What a futile prayer! Most of us talk too much already. But often it is not God, but selfishness that opens our lips. In matters spiritual many seem to be afflicted with lockjaw. How can God answer this prayer for open lips? He can do so if we surrender to Him by filling our hearts with such dynamic conviction that silence becomes next to impossible. It was in this fashion that God opened the lips of Peter and John. Therefore when on trial they declared boldly, "We cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard."

Lord, open Thou our lips that we may make known Thy goodness. Amen.

OCT.
6

THE WAY TO GOD
PSALM 51:16-17

"A BROKEN and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." This simple declaration points out the open road

into the fellowship of Him who receiveth sinners. Why does God not save all of His children? He does not because He cannot. The self-sufficient will not have His salvation. The publicans and harlots entered the Kingdom before the Pharisees, not because Jesus sets a premium on profligacy. They entered because they felt their need. In the face of the best of the self-sufficient, the door into the presence of God is shut, but it opens automatically to the worst who comes confessing, "I have sinned."

Help us, Lord, from our hearts to pray this prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Amen.

OCT.
7

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL
PSALM 55:1-6

"OH THAT I had wings like a dove! For then would I fly away and be at rest." It would be hard to find a more human thought than this. We have all uttered it in some fashion. Often we begin to say it in youth and it becomes more intense as we get deeper into the years, and life becomes more serious with its baptisms of tears, tears over losses and tears over graves. Yet this longing is as vain as it is universal. We cannot find rest by running away from our worries, but only by bringing them into the presence of God.

Grant us, Lord, not the strength to run, but the power to stand in our place and be true. Amen.

OCT.
8

FOES OF OUR PEACE
PSALM 55:7-15

"LET death seize upon them." This man who so longs to get away, has good reason. Look at the foes that war against his peace. All about him are violence and strife. He knows also the agony of being betrayed by a friend. "We took sweet counsel together," he sobs. "His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords." But these outside foes are not the real cause of his trouble. The enemy that has wrecked his peace is within. He has allowed his wrongs to make him hate, hence he carries his hell in his own heart.

(Continued on page 38)



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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

We thank Thee, Lord, that whatever life can do to us the peace of God can still garrison our hearts through Christ Jesus. Amen.

OCT.
9

OUR BURDENS
PSALM 55:15-23

"CAST thy burden upon the Lord." Before this poet finished his song, he discovered the futility of flight. He realized that what he needed was not a new physical, but a new spiritual climate. The solution of his problem was not to run away from something but to run into the Everlasting Arms. Even so our need is not a new power to escape, but a new power to stand and be true. That power comes as we cast our burdens upon the Lord. Here then is a word for the burdened: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

We thank Thee, Lord, that we can cast our burdens upon Thee, even the burden of ourselves. Amen.

OCT.
10

A QUESTIONABLE BOAST
PSALM 56:1-3

"GOD is upon my side." (Moffatt) If by this the Psalmist means that God is seeking his highest good, his boast is perfectly true. But if he means, as seems to be the case, that God is taking his side against his foes, his boast is questionable. In almost every war both sides have claimed God as their ally. So has many an individual when he was pursuing his own selfish schemes. But the only way to have God on our side is to get on His side. We can no more have God as our ally when we go our own way than we can have a sunrise in our faces when our backs are toward the east.

Grant us, Lord, the wisdom to discover the road Thou art walking and the courage to walk it with Thee. Amen.

OCT.
11

IN THE SUNSHINE
PSALM 56:10-13

"THAT I might live, ever mindful of God, in the sunshine of life." (Moffatt) Here is a wise word. This singer is convinced that God is eager for him to live, not in gloom, but in the sunshine. That is God's will for all of us. Joy is more than a privilege, it is a positive duty. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." It is your strength for resisting temptation. It is your strength for winning others. Who was ever won to Christ by a professing Christian whose sad face was about as winsome as a chronic pain? It is God's will that we live in the sunshine.

Help us, Lord, to remember always that the fruit of the Spirit is joy. In Thy blessed Name's sake. Amen.

OCT.
12

THAT TERRIBLE TONGUE
PSALM 57:1-4

"THEIR tongue a sharp sword." The Bible has much to say about the tongue, but little that is complimentary. This does not mean of course that the tongue is an evil in itself. Whether it is good or bad depends upon the use we make of it. We can use it as a sharp sword with which to wound or as a potent medicine with which to heal. We can employ it either to curse or to bless, to put a new sparkle into tired eyes or to dim those eyes by tears. There is no measuring the helpfulness of a tongue controlled by kindness.

Save us, Lord, from hurting and hindering when we might help and heal.

OCT.
13

A DAMNING VICTORY
PSALM 58:1-10

"HE SHALL wash his feet in the blood of the wicked." How altogether ghastly and devilish! Yet to such depths even religious men sometimes descend when they give way to hate. This man had suffered no telling what tortures at the hands of his bullying foe. It was in a sense quite natural for him to long to even the score. But to get even in the way he suggests is not merely to punish his foe, but to get even with him in character. When we glory in the suffering of our enemy we wound ourselves as tragically as we wound him.

Help us to realize, O Lord, that the supreme curse of hate ever falls upon the hater. Amen.

OCT.
14

THE VANITY OF HUMAN HELP
PSALM 60:1-12

"VAIN is the help of man." There have been days when these words sounded silly and out of date. Multitudes were quite sure that by the help of science and by an inevitable progress man could wisely shape his own destiny. God was no longer needed. But the delusion of self-sufficiency has now largely passed. While too few of us are sure of God, fewer still are sure of ourselves. The blindest can now see that all our boasted progress may become only a short cut to hell. Man in his unaided strength cannot win either individually or socially. He must have God.

Lord, give us to realize that our sufficiency is in Thee and Thee alone. Amen.

OCT.
15

A SECURE SHELTER
PSALM 61:1-4

"I WILL trust in the covert of Thy wings." This man has found that for which everybody longs—security. In fact

this longing is itself God-given. We may be sure therefore that the God who gave it is both willing and able to satisfy it. Today our Lord is still calling: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen, her brood under her wings." Now, since we so long for security, and since we can find it nowhere else, suppose we begin here and now to sing with the poet, "I can trust under the covert of Thy wings."

Grant us today, Lord, that security that is known only to those who are kept by the power of God. Amen.

OCT.
16

LIVING EXPECTANTLY
PSALM 62:1-5

"MY EXPECTATION is from Him." Here is one who is living expectantly. To live expectantly is to live zestfully. But when we lose our expectancy, life is sure to grow dull and gray. One of the saddest losses that many professing Christians have suffered is just this loss of eager expectation. The early saints were constantly looking for God to break in upon them and their needy world in some thrilling fashion. But too often we go our drab way as if God were dead. We shall recover our song and our zest just in the measure that we recover our faith in God.

Grant us, Lord, that firm faith in Thee that will make our expectation beautifully spontaneous. Amen.

OCT.
17

A WISE WARNING
PSALM 62:6-10

"IF RICHES increase set not thy heart upon them." It requires a vast amount of grace to make money rapidly and remain vitally Christian. Success in any field is a heady wine, but financial success is especially intoxicating. "The richest man in our church lives there," a friend said the other day as he showed me over his city. I then asked my customary question: "Is he of any worth to the church?" My friend then gave the usual answer: "He was before he made his money." It is perfectly amazing how quickly and subtly money can climb from our hands into our hearts.

Grant us the grace, O Lord, to make a servant of our wealth that we may not become its slave. Amen.

OCT.
18

THE SOURCE OF POWER
PSALM 62:11-12

"POWER belongeth unto God." He is the source of all power. The only way, then, that we can be powerful is by

(Continued on page 74)

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We Build A CHURCH

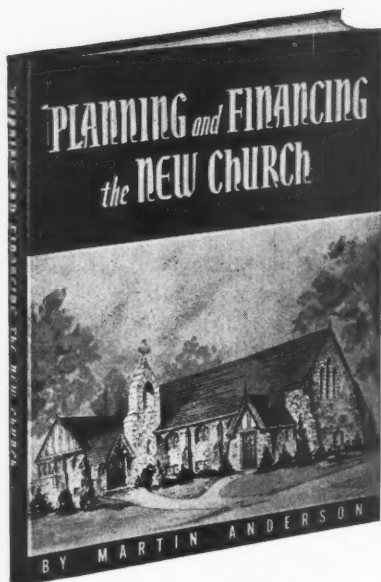
OLD First Church was to our town what Gibraltar is to the British Empire. Solid. Strong. Immovable. It stood for something; its steeple had lifted men's eyes up for generations. For seventy-five years it had stood on Court House Square, right opposite the Monument, and on the Monument were the names of the men who went from this town to fight the Civil War. Most people thought the church and the Monument had always been there, together. They represented a Tradition, and there is something fine and enduring about a Tradition.

There was a Gettysburg cannon at the foot of the Monument, pointing straight at the church. Young Billy Gibbs sat on the church steps one night with the pastor, waiting for Scout meeting, and young Billy said bluntly, "Sometimes I wish that old cannon would go off and blast this church."

The preacher was smart. He didn't get mad. He knew this youngster did not hate this church; Billy loved it, as his father and grandfather had loved it before him. A few well-

aimed questions got at the reasons behind the remark. The boy wasn't very enthusiastic about coming to Sunday school in a damp basement after he'd spent five days of the week in a modern public school. He was a pal of the preacher, and proud of it, but he didn't care about coming to church because in church he could neither hear nor see the preacher; the Gibbs' pew was behind a post under the gallery, in a "dead spot." Worst of all, Billy resented the fact that few of his pals, new or old, ever came to First Church; there wasn't room for them in the Sunday School . . .

So, come Sunday, there was a sermon on "A Tradition About To Die." It was one of those sermons you still talk about on Wednesday afternoon. We had a great Tradition at Old First, said the preacher. A noble Tradition. But—you can no more live on a Tradition than you can live on last week's mashed potatoes. And that was about what we were trying to do, in this church; we were thinking in the past tense—of what a great church we *had* been, of what we always *had* stood for. What was good enough for Grandfather was good enough for



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us! The trouble was that most grandfathers were dead and the grandsons weren't coming out any more. In them, the Tradition was about to die. What we needed, quick, if we were to save both the Tradition and the grandsons, was a church and a church program in the future tense. A church for tomorrow, not for yesterday. Choose now which you want, Old First, which way ye will look, ahead or back.

They chose. They appointed a Building Committee, wondering why they hadn't appointed it long ago, and the battle began. Building that new church was the happiest battle I've ever gotten into; I never hope to have so much fun again.

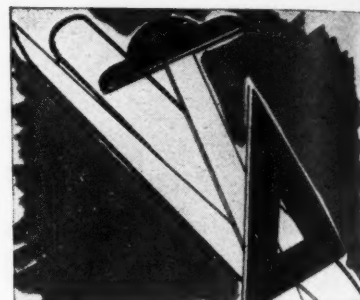
Now Building Committees are wonderfully and fearfully composed in most churches; there just isn't any telling what they will do. But most of them are divided more or less equally into three groups. There are the Savers, who want to cut financial corners everywhere, who want to build as cheaply as possible. Mr. Smithers led the Savers on our Committee. Then there are the Spenders, the fellows who want to "put big money into this thing," who would put a \$10,000 window in a \$5,000 chapel. The sky is the limit with them; they want chromium kitchens and streamlined pulpits and they'll borrow the money they need to get them and let the next generation worry about paying off the debt. This country is full of churches built by spenders—churches staggering under impossible debts and mortgages. Doc Stearns, our local druggist, was their Chief Sachem at Old First. Then there is, thank heaven, a group of In-Betweens—a few sane and sensible heads who want to do the job right but who will hesitate to spend money they haven't got. Fred Parsons was Chief-In-Betweener. He's one of those fellows who talks little, but who says a lot when he chooses to say anything. They were good men, every one of them, all trying to do the best thing for the church. . . .

We got our architect. He was a church architect, and a good one, and it was a lucky day for us when we got him. He saved us from many a bad blunder. At the very first meeting he suggested that the new church ought to be built out on South Seventh Street. The town's population was moving that way; Main Street and Court House Square were packed solid with filling stations and stores, and that was no place for a church. People got enough of Main Street six days a week, without coming back to it on Sunday. But Mr. Smithers didn't think much of building on South Seventh. Building an Old First anywhere else than where Old First had always been was like suggesting that he vote a split ticket at the primaries.

"Why," he gasped, "Old First has always been on the Square!"

"Yes," smiled the architect. "I know. The ruins of Pompeii have always been at Pompeii, too, but not one in ten million of us ever goes to Pompeii to see them!" The Committee got the point; we bought a nice corner lot on the South Side. The architect picked the lot, himself, took the Committee out there and explained why he picked that particular corner. It was the best spot in the neighborhood for a church. On the right side of the street—no traffic for most of the youngsters to get through, or vice-versa. No rock to blast. A line of fine old trees along the curb. The lot was quite flat, which meant little landscaping. Open on all four sides, for light and air. No chance of a bus terminal or a boiler factory being built next door. Just the right shaped lot for the kind of building he had in mind. Doc Stearns asked him what kind of building he had in mind. There was a glint in Doc's eye which said, "It had better be a big building."

The architect was thinking of an L-shaped structure; a long, cathedral-



like sanctuary with the educational plant running off at right angles to it. It was a two-story educational plant, and when one of the Savers looked at the crude drawing the architect made on the back of an envelope, he said it looked as large—and expensive—as the Library of Congress.

"I went to Sunday school in a little one-room country church with a hitching shed out back and a plain pulpit at one end and a stove at the other. Nearly froze to death, but we learned more about the Bible than youngsters nowadays learn. Sat on plain hard wooden benches, we did, without any backs, and . . ."

"Look," said Doc Stearns. "No child of mine is ever going to catch cold and maybe pneumonia in a place like that. I say we go the limit, and give 'em a school we'll be proud to show to our friends—the best that money can buy. To my way of thinking, that's the first thing we've got to do."

Fred Parsons broke in here, to everyone's amazement; they thought he had been fast asleep. "The first thing we've

(Continued on page 44)

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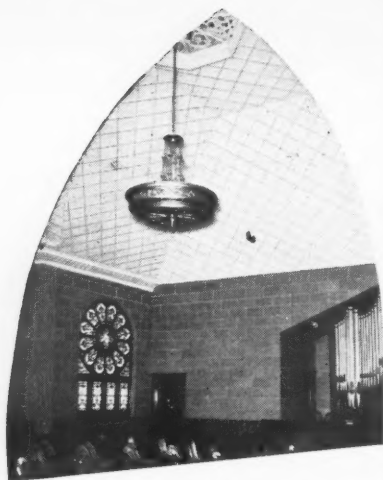
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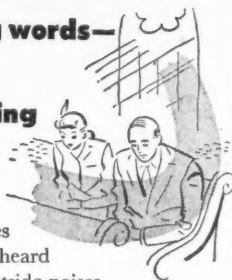


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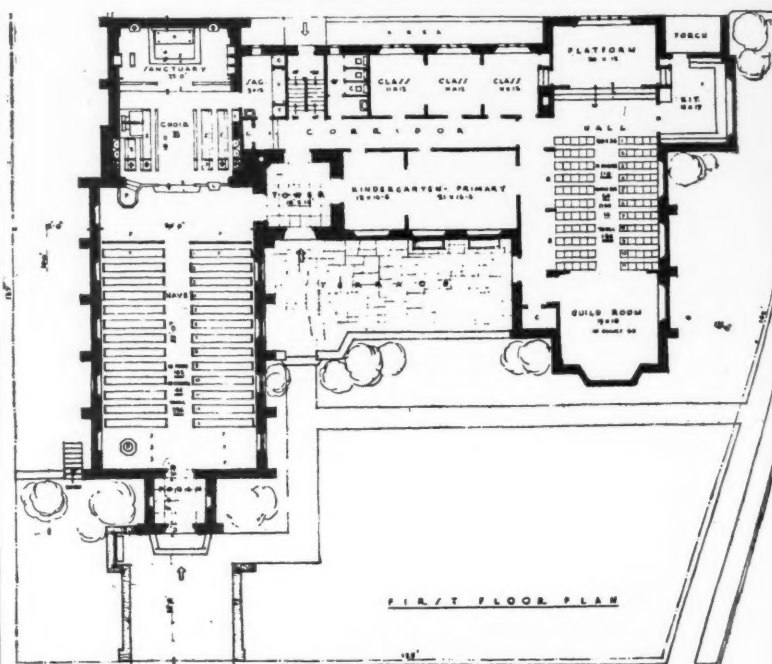
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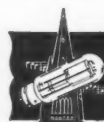
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SELLERSVILLE, PA.

got to do is to give our children a consciousness of God. Let's not be cheap about that; the Almighty hasn't been cheap with us. And let's not spend a lot of money we haven't got. There's no sense in putting a pot-stove in the sanctuary, since God gave men the brains to invent furnaces and automatic stokers. Let's remember that we are building for the next fifty or a hundred years."

We remembered that.

We built a stone church. It could have been brick or frame, but in our situation stone gave us a church suited to our surroundings. You don't have to paint stone; it is good economy to spend more at first, less later! Stone walls, on a *waterproofed* foundation. There was quite an argument over the waterproofing. It would cost us seventy-five dollars more, argued Mr. Smithers. There was an insurance man on the Committee who said that was pretty cheap insurance against dampness over a period of fifty years, and we'd better be extravagant and spend it. We were. We never regretted it.

The same sort of argument developed over the roof. One of the Savers said there was a barn over near Turkey Creek that had the original split-cedar shingles that were put on the rafters nearly a hundred years ago, and they were as good as new. Maybe so, said the Spenders, but this wasn't any barn we were building. The Spenders won this time. We put on a slate roof. Slate doesn't burn. It doesn't split. Once on, it stays there; you can forget nine-tenths of your potential roofing-troubles with slate, or any one of a half dozen other durable, fireproof roofing products.

We spent a lot of time and money on insulation. Heat insulation and sound-control insulation. Some of the Committee couldn't see any sense in all this; they kept reminding us that there was a temple or a tabernacle out in Salt Lake City that wasn't insulated, and you could drop a nail at one end of that building and hear it hit the floor, in the other end, nearly a quarter of a mile away! That building wasn't insulated, they said. It was just a matter of good acoustics.

But acoustics and insulation go hand in hand, with today's builder; the acoustics expert and the insulation engineer are blood brothers! You see, when you insulate a church "for sound," you arrange to keep certain noises out, and to control sound within the building. Billy Gibb's father settled the argument, for us. He said he'd really like to hear a sermon or two before he died, and he invited the Committee to come and sit in his pew the next Sunday, in that dead spot under the gallery where nobody could hear anything but a shout. None of the Committee accepted, but . . .

We insulated the church and the church school buildings. We called in an



Kate Smith
SAYS:

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AMERICA MORE WITH
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You'll agree with her whole-heartedly when you are privileged to see as well as hear the wonders of our modern world on your DuMont Television.* For DuMont's fourteen years in the forefront of electronic pioneering are your peacetime assurance of the very finest in television . . . of incredibly clear, lifelike pictures, of exquisite tone and dependable technical craftsmanship. For performance above and beyond comparison, watch for DuMont Television.

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insulation engineer who showed us just what materials to use on our walls. In these buildings today, we can put our screaming kindergarten in one room, a crowd of noisy intermediates in the next, and a prayermeeting in the next, and all of them worship in perfect peace!

There are no posts in the sanctuary. There are no dead spots, and neither are there any of the bouncing echoes that plagued us in the old building. Even those who are hard-of-hearing can hear; we tried half a dozen hearing-aid systems before we got the right one for us.

When it came to the organ, we were lucky in having Mrs. Allen in our congregation. Mrs. Allen is the widow of the founder of the Allen Iron Works, and she told us before we started to build that she would like to give the organ in the new church herself. The organ she gave us is played from a small console with a range and pitch and beauty that even the organ-makers themselves never dreamed of twenty years ago. So lovely is the tone that surges from this organ that we now have a series of concerts every winter; prominent organists ask to come and play, and music-lovers from all over the state come to listen.

The music is good to listen to; the windows are good to look at. I think if there were not one line or thought in the sermons we hear to help a man, that he would be lifted up and strengthened by those windows. We worked out a scheme of pictures covering the life of Christ, in the windows running around the room; the first has the manger, the last has three crosses on a lonely hill with a broken tomb below. When the worshipper throws back his head to sing a hymn, he looks up at a rose-window directly above the altar; it filters the light of the sun and turns it to red and blue and gold and purple glory, and spreads it as the blessing direct from the hand of God, all over the chancel.

We were disturbed at first over the problem of ventilating the church; even Mr. Smithers said he was "agin' those little teeny openings" in church windows that never let in enough air for a child to breathe, let alone a whole roomful of people. Such inadequate openings left the place stifling hot in summer, and badly ventilated in winter. We were afraid to spoil the windows by allowing for too large an opening—and then the architect asked why we didn't air-condition the whole place. We did that, and it was the smartest investment we ever made. People come to our church to get cool in the summer! We have larger summer congregations than we ever had.

The officers in the Sunday school took things pretty much into their hands when we got around to the details of the educational plant. They laid down certain rules, after they had surveyed the field carefully. They insisted that the smaller

AN "ALMOST MIRACULOUS CHANGE"

... in the acoustics of our church!

THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
TRENTON, N. J.

Jacobson & Company, Inc.,
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Gentlemen:

On behalf of the Third Presbyterian Church of Trenton, New Jersey, I am sending this voluntary expression of thanks for the fine work done by your company to correct the acoustics of our auditorium. We are so delighted with the almost miraculous change in the hearing qualities that we feel you merit a unanimous vote of gratitude. As Pastor, I am experiencing an increasing thrill in my preaching. Let me add that the material used to make such a difference has increased the inner beauty of our church.

With best wishes for your growing success, I am

Very sincerely yours,

John McHale



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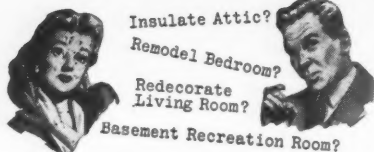
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You can have results like these—by sound conditioning your church building, your auditorium or Sunday school rooms with Acousti-Celotex. And there never was a better time to do it than now—with reserve funds for modernization at a new high.

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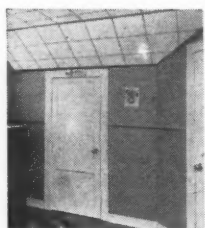
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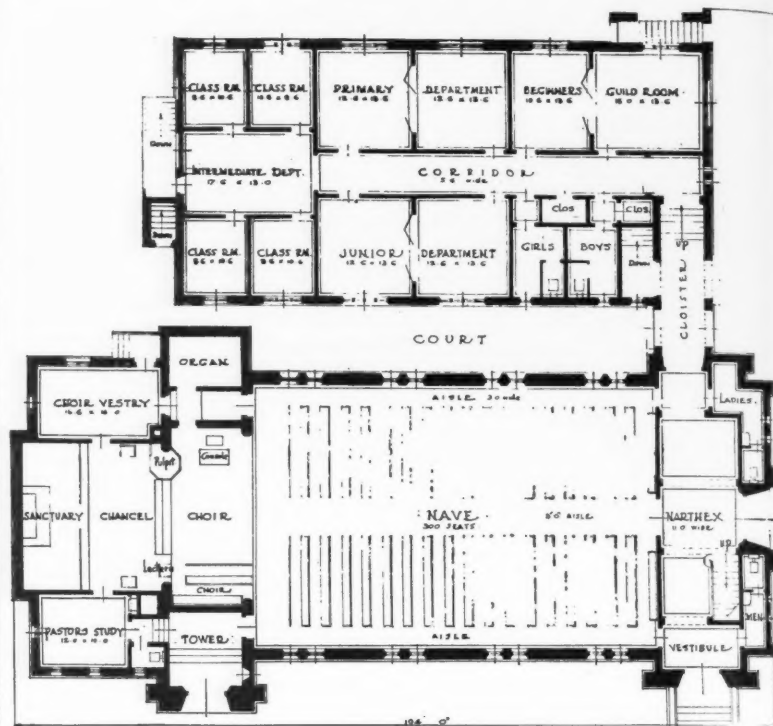
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children climb no stairs—so we put the kindergarten, beginners, primary and juniors all on the first, ground floor. No child will ever be caught by a fire on the second floor of that building—nor any adult, either, for the entire plant is carefully fireproofed and equipped with automatic sprinklers. They insisted upon separate classrooms and departmental rooms, with their own exits and entrances. They demanded furniture suited to the needs of every age-group, so we

the work of the church is a subject for a good book.

Well, that's a rough outline of it. It doesn't tell the whole story; it would take several articles to do that. You just don't describe a spiritual adventure like building a church in three thousand words. And I think we will never be able to put the story of the first Sunday in the new church into cold language. A choir gowning in new robes sang as it had never sung before. The preacher



ARCHITECTS: QUINTIN & KERR, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.

A GOOD PLAN. Folding doors, as shown, are optional; recreational facilities can be installed in the basement.

have chairs little tots can sit on, tables on which their elbows can rest comfortably. We tried out these chairs and tables before we bought them, to be sure of that.

We splurged a bit on what the Sunday-school teachers called "visual aids," the Committee called it "motion-picture and stereoptican equipment." We built into the rear of the parish hall a fireproof, sound-proof projection-room and in it we put the best projection equipment we could buy. That took care of many an entertainment for the whole congregation.

Down in the basement, we put a shop for the youngsters. A workshop, with a few good tools, where they could "make things." Off in a corner of it, we found a spot for a dark-room; it didn't take much space, and to our amazement it brought a camera club into the church, and every camera clubber today is a church member. What they have done with their photos in helping to publicize

preached as we never imagined he could the work of the church is a subject for preach—and he has always been good. The light fell through the singing windows like a benediction dropped straight from the hand of God, touching the burnished silver and gold on the altar with little gleams of living fire; it was the focal spot for the eyes of the congregation, and we had planned it that way. That's where the focal spot *should* be. Nobody even whispered during that service; there was one of those *sacred* silences.

It goes on and on. The church isn't any longer just a building on the Square; it's a living thrill of beauty seven days a week. Mr. Smithers used those very words when he came out of the church after the service and stood looking up at the tower listening to the carillon play, a tear as big as your fist on his cheek. He murdered the king's English in that moment, but we could have kissed him when he said, "Beautiful, ain't it?"

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 46

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What will the New
WURLITZER-Built

Orgatron
mean to you?



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Look to the day when the new Wurlitzer-built Orgatron makes its debut. Then you will see a distinctly refined Orgatron with all the traditional qualities that make organ music by the Orgatron a magnificent contribution to the services of all denominations. And, like its world-famed predecessor, the Wurlitzer Orgatron will continue to meet American Guild of Organists specifications.

Here will be an organ possessing all of the time-honored characteristics of the prewar Orgatron—brought to a new stage of perfection by Wurlitzer, world's largest manufacturer of musical instruments, with electronic engineering laboratories and production facilities unequalled in the industry.

With a wide range of sizes, styles and prices in both single and double manual models, there will be a Wurlitzer-built Orgatron to meet any church budget.

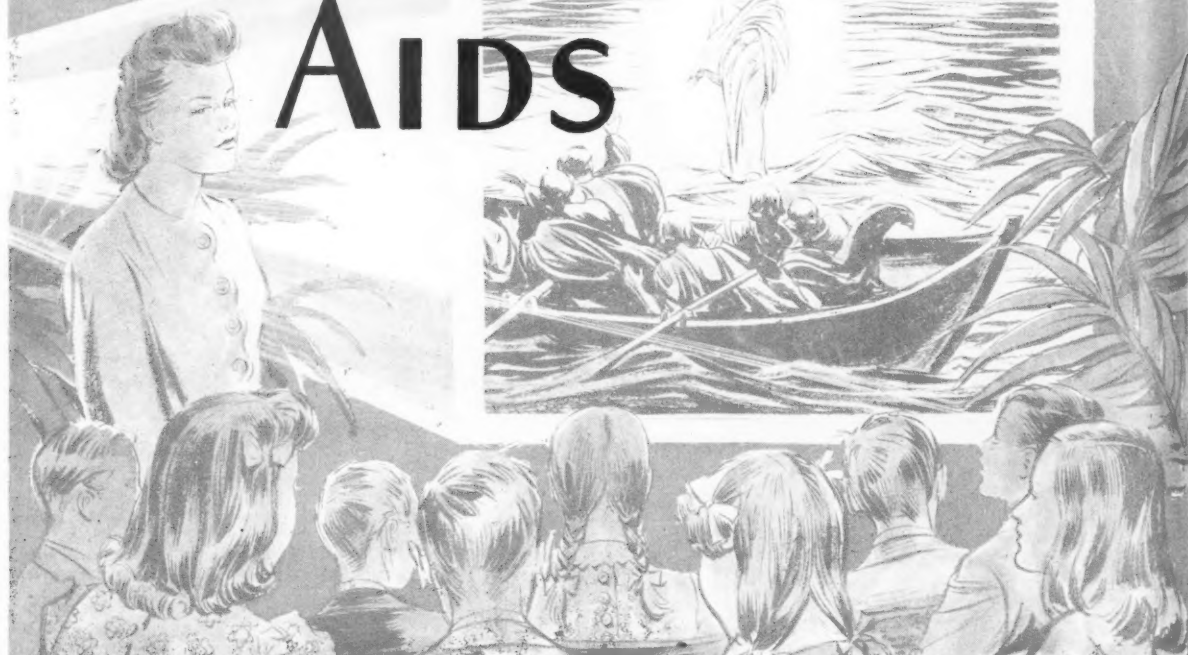
Futhermore, Wurlitzer's volume production, enlarged dealer organization and intensively trained service staff will assure accelerated deliveries and a high standard of service.

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Write now for names of churches in your locality which have Orgatrons—also for details of our Priority Listing Plan whereby your church may be assured early postwar delivery. Orgatron Division, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, New York.

WURLITZER
Orgatron

VISUAL AIDS



THE MODERN USE OF VISUAL AIDS IN THE CHURCH

EVERY day we use visual methods of communicating ideas. We draw a map on the back of an envelope to show how to get to a certain address; we show a picture of our children to an old friend; we strike a pose to show how Aunt Edith looked when she heard the news. On a trip, we send home scenic postcards. We bring home souvenirs and curios, photographs and movies because in these ways we can share what we saw and experienced with those who could not be with us. Yes, visual education is just as simple as that. It all boils down to the fact that when we want to convey an idea or stimulate a new attitude in a person, it is often much easier to *show* him than to merely *tell* him.

In the face of these facts and of the further fact that the church has so little time and so great a need to give effective religious teaching to our youth, it is easy to understand why the use of religious films in churches showed an increase between 1941 and 1943 of 250 percent, and why the rate of increase today indicates that the use of religious films in 1945 will be more than double that of 1943! This rate of increase is so sharp that even "The King of Kings," which has become a sort of classic American passion play since its release in 1927,

By
WILLIAM L. ROGERS
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, THE RELIGIOUS FILM
ASSOCIATION



showed a very considerable increase in use during the past year over its use in the last few preceding years.

It is no wonder then, that churches all over the country are asking what equipment they should have for effective edu-



Jesus flays the moneychangers. From C. B. DeMille's "King of Kings," courtesy Cinema Corporation of America.

cational programs utilizing visual aids. This is a difficult question to answer in so many words. Again, it would be so much easier to *show* them in their own church buildings.

The question of budget naturally has some bearing on the subject, though in view of the need to make the teaching program more effective, this certainly should not be the only consideration. More important are the individual preferences and abilities of the teachers and other leaders who are going to use the visual materials. A well-rounded program of visual education might include a great variety of items and equipment, some of which we do not always recognize as visual aids. Some are expensive; some require only the time and ingenuity of the teacher. They range through blackboards, bulletin boards, a pile of old magazines and lesson materials from which to clip pictures for the bulletin board and to use in making posters, maps, models of objects used by the Hebrews when they worshipped in the Temple, prints of religious pictures, scrap books, crayons, scissors, brown paper for use in making maps and charts, a library of slides of religious pictures (either the miniature 2 x 2, or the standard size

stereoptican slides—depending on which type of equipment is available and convenient), film strips, a screen for projecting pictures, a sound or silent motion-picture projector, a fund for renting films, a costume wardrobe for pageants and dramas, and a stage.

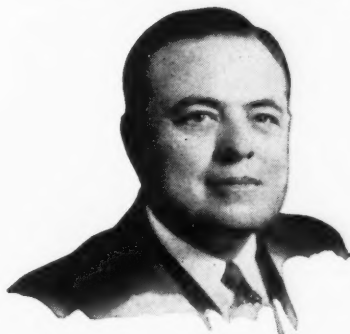
Perhaps we are most concerned with how we shall manage the use of projected pictures—a little awed by what, at first, seems an intricate mechanism. Yet, if we would but stop to think of it, children in the public schools learn to operate even complicated sound motion-picture projectors in a few hours. A little thought, a little care, a little practice under a trained projectionist, soon makes a skillful operator out of the average person. More difficult is learning when and how to use specific types of films, slides and film strips to point up, illustrate or enrich a given lesson, but that is a specialized subject in itself. Our task, here, is to outline the various ways in which a church can equip itself for a visual education program. Our particular concern, because of its relative newness in the church, will be the projected picture.

Since the equipment and its installation will vary considerably with the size and type of church, our recommendations will have to be very general. Let us think in terms of two types of church buildings: the typical rural church with but one room in which all the activities must take place, and the larger, more complex church structures which have, in addition to the sanctuary, one or more departmental rooms with or without individual classrooms and one or more rooms for recreational purposes.

The average rural church of today is probably not having much trouble with its budget, so that if it will set aside some of today's surplus for the time when it can buy projection equipment, it will have little difficulty in financing as extensive a program as it can house. Presuming that the church has electricity of the usual type (110 to 120 volts, 60 cycles, alternating current), there are just two important problems for it to solve in connection with using projected pictures in the church school. One, is how to darken the church for showings during daylight hours, the other is to effect a quick change after the showing so that there will be no interference with the worship service which follows.

There is probably only one way of darkening the room effectively. That is, to equip the windows with opaque shades, preferably dark on the outside and light on the inside, and with a set of light-proof draperies. The latter will be especially needed if the windows are arched so that shades cannot conveniently be installed to cover the arch. The shades should have a hook or ring which can be fastened to a corresponding hook on the

Can Churches Teach Eternal Truths



**As Well As
the Science of War
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A timely message from J. H. McNabb,
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The speed and thoroughness with which our armed forces have trained millions of young men and women for war are amazing.

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Why haven't our church schools—Sunday and weekday—made as widespread use of this proved, superior method as have our armed forces? Most religious educators and pastors lacked neither appreciation nor readiness. But they did lack, and *still* lack, necessary funds.

A relatively modest annual budget item per church or school will provide for an excellent audio-visual program. Shall we make the necessary funds available . . . teach for peace on earth as well as we teach for war? The answer is up to all pastors, school superintendents, and parents who know that eternal truths well taught hold the promise of a world at peace.

J. H. McNabb

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window sill. The draperies should be hung on sturdy parallel fixtures so that they will overlap when closed. Hooks and eyes, or snaps, should be sewn on them so that they will not flap open in the breeze. Likewise, the edge next to the window frame should be fastened to it for the same reason.

The problem of clearing the room following projection divides into three: dismantling the projection equipment including the wires, disposing of the screen, and restoring the room to normal illumination. The last can quickly be managed by simply organizing a group of boys who will open the draperies and raise the shades at a given signal. The same system can be applied to the screen if it is of the folding or tripod variety. If the architecture of the church permits, the best solution may be a screen permanently installed on the wall inside the chancel and hidden by draperies when not in use. An altar table may be set below the draped screen so that the whole gives the effect of a reredos. With this equipment, the screen is quickly hidden by merely pulling the cords to the draperies. If the church has a suitable vestibule, dismantling the projector need not be a problem. In this case, the projector is set up and operated in the vestibule, the projection beam passing through a hole cut in the vestibule wall. The projector and the aperture through

which it will project should be set high enough so that persons being seated in the room will not interfere with the projection beam and thus cast a shadow on the screen. Because of the extra distance



MODERN SLIDE OR MOTION-PICTURE PROJECTORS ARE BOTH SIMPLE TO OPERATE.

from the screen, a projector used in this way may require a special lens to give the desired size of picture. If purchased as a part of the original equipment of the projector instead of the lens regularly supplied, it will cost little extra.



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The Bausch & Lomb LRM Balopticon provides the highest degree of flexibility in illustrating lectures or talks for any group. Projecting equally brilliant, clear pictures from lantern slides or opaque objects, it makes possible the use of any type of illustrative material including printed matter, photographs, or actual objects. Illustrated talks can be prepared quickly and at any time from material at hand, may be altered or re-

arranged to meet the audience requirements. Write for catalog and complete information. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester 2, N. Y.

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In the case of a sound motion-picture projector used here or in any semi-permanent type of installation, it will be a great convenience if the wire leading from the projector to the speaker (which will be at the front of the room) can be run through a conduit under the floor where people will not trip over it.

If it is not possible to utilize the vestibule and if there is no balcony (which would be the second choice), the best alternative is to purchase or build a projection stand mounted on wheels so

that it can easily be rolled into and out of position. The stand should have a shelf on which spare parts, films, slides, etc. can be placed for use when needed. For quick changes, the projector wires can also be rolled up and placed on this shelf until there is an opportunity to pack them away properly. To avoid the hazard of wires stretched across the floor, it is desirable to have an electric outlet installed at the point where the projector will regularly be used. Again, a conduit to carry the wire to the speaker of a sound projector would be helpful. If these conveniences are not possible, rugs should be provided to cover the wires and thus help avoid accidents.

In the case of the larger churches, some of these same general problems and solutions will attain, but with slightly different applications. The sanctuary is less likely to be needed for projection purposes during daylight hours, but the problems of room darkening and disposal of equipment are merely passed along to the departmental rooms or recreation halls where they can be handled in the ways suggested for the one-room church. It may be noted in passing that the departmental rooms and the larger classrooms afford opportunities for the installation and use of nonprojected visual aids. Bulletin boards and blackboards may be set neatly in the walls or on a movable frame. Prints of religious pictures can be hung on the walls to advantage. Maps on spring rollers can be used mounted on tripods or made a part of the same permanent installation recommended for the drapery covered projection screen.

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well as some of the most interesting opportunities) arises in connection with the use of sound motion-picture projectors. The sound projector, unlike the minister, cannot change its "delivery" to accommodate itself to rooms with poor acoustical conditions. While pitch and volume can be varied, the projector operates at a set speed which does not permit it to wait for echoes. There are two basic methods of dealing with this problem. One is to treat the room with sound absorbent material. This should be done with the advice of an architect or an acoustical engineer, although manufacturers of this material provide helpful instruction booklets. The other is through careful experimentation to locate the exact spot and position in which the loudspeaker will operate most efficiently. In some cases it may be found that two small speakers covering different sections of the room will prove more effective than one large speaker.

THE OPPORTUNITIES provided, in addition to the use of sound films, grow out of the fact that a basic element of the sound projector is an amplifier, which in the case of most late models can be used for a variety of purposes. When not otherwise in use the amplifiers can provide the power for the church public-address system, including hearing aids for the deaf; they can be used in connection with an electric turntable to provide background music for church dinners and young people's parties; and, if sufficiently high powered they can, with the turntable, broadcast recorded chimes and other music over loudspeakers placed in the church belfry.

Where new churches are to be built or old ones remodeled, serious consideration should be given to the foregoing possibilities since they can be incorporated more satisfactorily and with greater economy at the time of building than later. In fact, the same advantages attain as in incorporating any electrical system at the time of building. Here are some of the things which should be taken into consideration: loudspeakers can be built into the structure and hidden behind a grille; all wiring, including that from microphones to amplifier, amplifier to speakers, from the electrical system to the receptacles to be used by the projectors, from the projector to the point where the speaker is to be set up (or to the base amplifier in the case of a unified system)—all of this can be carried through conduits avoiding the unsightliness and the hazards of exposed wires. Controls, including switches to be used in extinguishing room lights, can be inexpensively installed at the points where they can be most conveniently used in connection with the equipment. As a result, the equipment will serve its purpose more satisfactorily than otherwise.



FOR THE CHURCH ..old or new

The new trend in memorials is the establishment of a living, dynamic functional memorial . . . something to perpetuate the good thought behind the gift. Why not consider 16mm motion picture equipment . . . sound movies. For evening programs, in Sunday School, for intra-church forums, etc. . . . VICTOR equipment brings a new impetus to study and discussion.



Other EXCLUSIVE FEATURES THAT HAVE ESTABLISHED VICTOR LEADERSHIP

Safety Film Trip—Positive film protection from damage due to loss of loop.
Oversize Sprocket—Five teeth—not three—constantly engage film.

"Dual Flexo" Pauls—Spring over films—do not punch new holes.

"Spira Draft" Lamp House—Assures much longer lamp life and greater efficiency. Your Victor investment is always protected by Victor's World-Wide Service Organization.



Keep on Buying
War Bonds



Just one of the reasons for
Animatophone superiority

SOUND FIDELITY AT ITS FINEST



Victor Animatophones reproduce a true-ness of tone quality not equalled in any other equipment. No moving parts—nothing to wear out—thus nothing to impair sound quality. All parts instantly removable for easy cleaning. An exciter lamp many times more powerful than those used in other 16mm equipment—plus a wide angle sound lens—produces a highly collimated beam that assures crisp sound, regardless of film condition, and without lens change or adjustment for color.

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PROGRAMS OF INTEREST—ON SOUND FILM

Available to Churches, Sunday Schools, young peoples groups, or for any program, thousands of films of general interest. Pictures such as "A Certain Nobleman," by Cathedral Films, Hollywood, are "crowd pullers," as proved in actual use.



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ANIMATOGRAPH CORPORATION

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MAKER OF 16MM EQUIPMENT SINCE 1923



A BELL FOR G.I. JOE

*An inspiration for those who fought
..a living memorial to those who fell*

AT LAST the angry guns are still ... and G. I. Joe is coming home.

But the ageless song of the bells, which steeled him with spiritual courage unconquerable, will not be silenced.

For the Liberty Carillons from which this soul-stirring music welled and swelled have a peace-time duty to perform.

Already they are being recruited to serve as living, audible memorials to those who fought and fell that the long-awaited promise of "Peace on earth, good will to man" might have glorious and lasting fulfillment.

IT WAS four years ago that the Liberty Carillon was cast in the mold of wartime urgency.

A mighty army then was in the making, and a morale-building force was needed to help convert men of peace into battle battalions, dedicated to a righteous cause.

Only the reminiscent peal of great bells, which have rung for centuries over ancient cathedrals, could provide that spiritual inspiration, but the belfries of the Army and Navy chapels were too small to house them.

So science was called upon to create an au-

thentic means of mass communication that would help fire the hearts and souls of our servicemen with religious and patriotic fervor.

And a miracle was wrought—the Liberty Carillon was perfected with all the fidelity of tone, the mighty volume and majestic resonance of bells of great tonnage.

These were the miracle bells that called G. I. Joe to prayer ... put resolution in his step as he boarded the gray troopship ... echoed in his heart on the crimson beaches of Anzio and Normandy and in the embattled foxholes on Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

TODAY, and for untold years to come, the Liberty Carillon can add audible beauty to memorial buildings, parks and playgrounds of enduring worth and inspiration.

In addition, these miracle bells can help to perpetuate the peace so dearly won.

They can turn church belfries into watch towers ... serve as ringing reminders of the inviolate trust we must keep with those who died that freedom might live ... keep us ever mindful of our pledge to root out all seeds of future tyranny and oppression.



Chaplain (Major) Robert S. Hall at the console of Fort Hamilton's Liberty Carillon, which is typical of those heard by millions of servicemen in the camps and by radio on far fighting fronts.

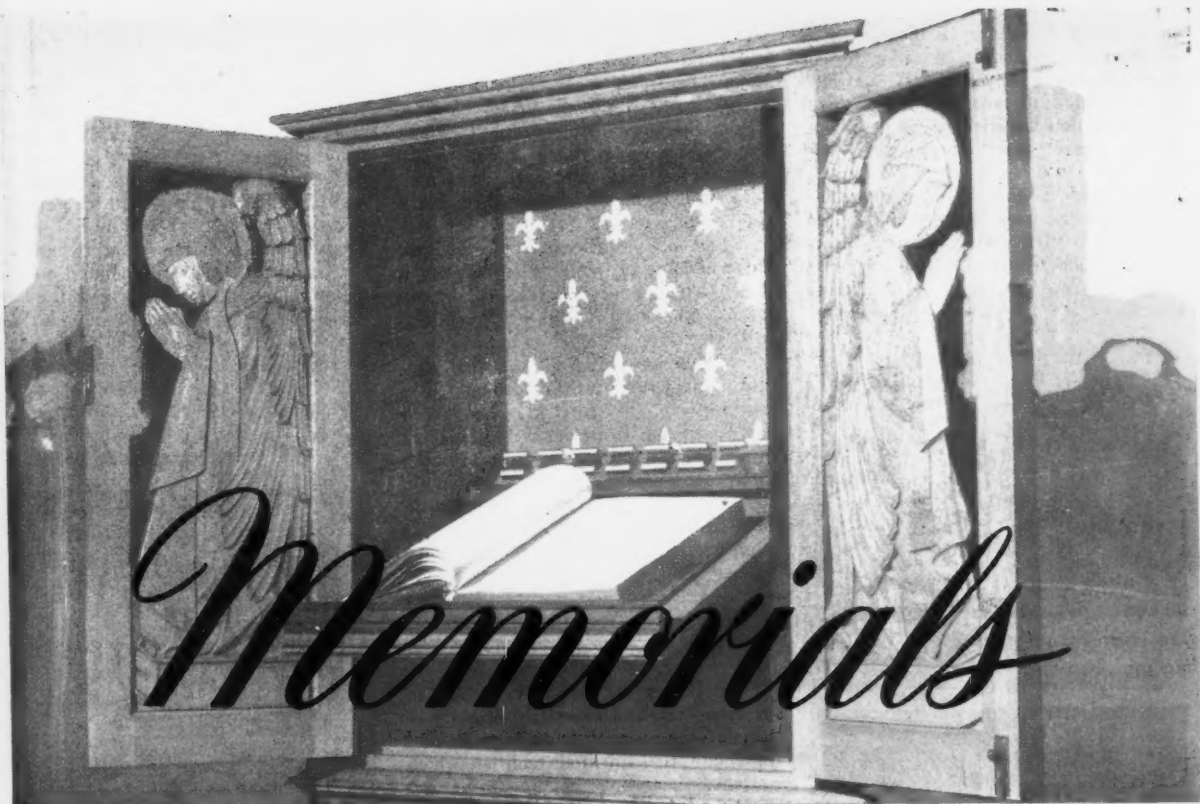
The compactness, the modest cost and other factors that make the Liberty Carillon the ideal memorial are set forth in our illustrated brochure, "The Heart of a Bell." In requesting a copy, kindly use your personal letterhead

"They have fanned the fires of freedom in the midnight of their souls"

LIBERTY Carillons

INCORPORATED

551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Let the Memorial be Spiritual

By
Decatur Riggs



"WE ARE told that we are here to fight and if necessary to die for the ideals of freedom expressed in the privilege of voting as we choose and of worshiping as we please," a South Pacific soldier recently wrote his pastor. "But," he continued, "what bothers me is this: My father enjoyed both of these privileges without paying this terrible price for them, yet he seldom voted and I can't remember when he went to church."

What are we going to do about that? What will that soldier and the millions like him think when they come home and find us still neglectful of those privileges, still absorbed in *getting* things, still busy building a world in which we and our achievements and our wants are the center?

What will they think of the memorials we are planning already, even while the shooting still echoes? Are these memorials that will commemorate our heroic dead in a way that will inspire us to discharge our civic and social obligations; inspire us to vote, move us to worship, keep alive in us the ideals our valiant sons have died for all over the world?

Recently a college president reporting on a memorial committee meeting he had attended, said that *We need and We*



Reverent, dignified, is this Service-men's Table of Remembrance at the Plymouth Church in New Haven, Conn.

want were the refrains of the meeting. Newspaper reports leave little doubt that some memorial advocates are about to forget both the nature and destiny of a memorial in their greedy urge to get something *they* want, or their group wants, or even their city wants. As one man recently remarked, "Cities also need incinerators and refuse dumps. Why not carry that kind of thinking to its logical conclusion and finance these necessities as memorials?"

An editor writes that memorials today should take a more utilitarian form than memorials of the past; he adds: "There is always a need for local improvements of some kind, and we are inclined to think that the utilitarian, or useful type of memorial, will find most favor. Men who died in order that this shall be a free and better world, would feel that they had also done something for their home town and friends if their sacrifices were remembered by adding something to the community."

Is that what we have been fighting for?

Have we reached the point where our sons must die on foreign battlefields so that we can finance municipal improvements? Is it possible, as some imply, that we can have adequate recreational and sports facilities only by appeals based on the blood and tears of war?

S. Hall
Hamilton's
typical
of ser-
by radio

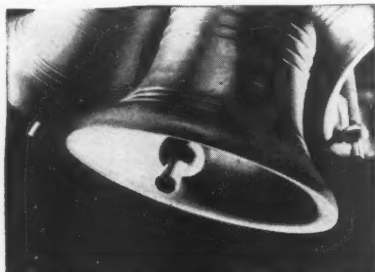
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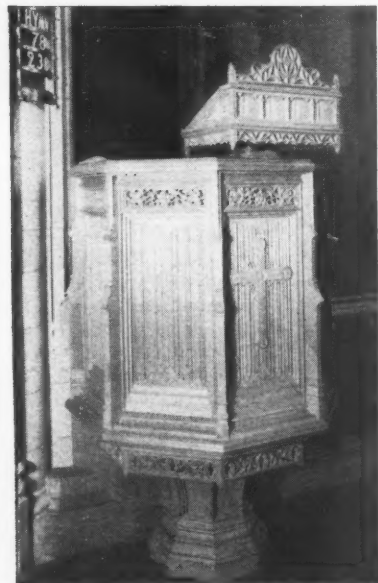
ms
N.Y.

It is not necessary to disguise such facilities as memorials in order to get them. As one man put it, "If our town needs public improvements and physical and recreation facilities, it will get them. Neither taxes nor benevolences end with us."

The truth is that we Americans do not leave our homes to suffer and if need be die on foreign battlefronts for things or for public utilities, no matter what they are. We do it for ideals, the ideals that undergird those things and freedoms



The voice of bells or chimes is a lasting and inspiring memorial.



Beautifully designed pulpits such as this provide a superb memorial.

which alone can perpetuate peace. No purely utilitarian memorial can mark such high sacrifice. It cannot consecrate, cannot commemorate, cannot hallow, and it cannot awaken respect for the spirit and finer qualities of man. And if it does none of these things it misses the whole point and purpose of its existence. It is not a memorial at all, by whatever name called.

We can again enter upon the road of rugged materialism and by misuse of words fill our cities with local improvements. We can follow the example Hitler

set when he began preparing for war, and build bulging muscles on our sons, and we can provide recreational palaces, if that is the way we want to escape—not discharge—our obligation to those who died for values that transcend material considerations. But so far as keeping faith with them, of keeping their ideals alive in ourselves as vital forces for freedom and lasting peace, is concerned, all this will have no more meaning than a purely civic undertaking launched to mark a victory achieved by the purest paganism.

It will do one thing: It will jar our returning fighters with disillusionment, and this is about the worst thing that can happen to a fighting man. Millions of them have faced tragic realities of death and destruction which have spiritually matured them twenty years ahead of their time. They have experienced extremities in which they stood alone with a single inexorable fact before them—and felt the stirrings of chaos give way as faith took hold. We can call it "foxhole religion" if we want to, but those who experienced it will never forget.

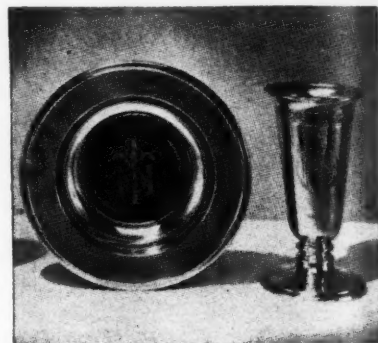
They will expect to find in us and in our acts—yes, and especially in our memorials—the capacity to understand and appreciate the spiritual realities which sustained them and led them to victory. Will they find that kind of understanding in swimming pools, public utilities, and, as one editor suggests, a new city water works?

Surely the resourcefulness, the art, the craftsmanship, that built a nation such as ours can now produce memorials that will, if necessary, be useful, but first and above everything else be qualified to fulfill their destiny. Memorials with the spiritual significance and the inherent beauty to profoundly commemorate the dead while at the same time inspiring the living to keep alive the ideals our boys died for and in the absence of which there can be no escape from another war; memorials which by their very appearance proclaim to the world at a first glance that they are the grateful tribute to those who gave their lives to secure our victory. Memorials that will remind us not so much of war as of peace and its foundations; not so much of the past as of our purposeful future; *peace* memorials which by their appeal to the finer qualities in man will work for and wage peace.

We mobilized to wage war. We drafted the men and facilities and talents to wage a successful war. Nothing could be more materialistic than that. Yet as one of the earliest steps, we built the greatest Chaplains Corps the world has ever known. We lifted men of peace out of home, church and school environments to make fighters of them. But we organized to do it in a way that would not impair their capacity for good citizenship and the pursuits of peace. For we did it by an appeal, not to greed and hate and the

negatives of human nature, but to the mighty affirmations of freedom's cause. That was possible because our practical men of guns knew the value of spiritual stamina, the power of faith in great achievements. For that we can be eternally thankful. Things—guns and bombs and planes—they said, were not enough to wage total war. "It is morale, and I mean spiritual morale, that determines the issue; and this can be found only in men who know God," said Gen. Marshall.

Can we say, dare we say, we have done our part until we have similarly mobilized on the homefront to wage peace—total peace? Can we find our answers, including our memorial answers, in a wholly materialistic and utilitarian concept, any more than the military leaders could find



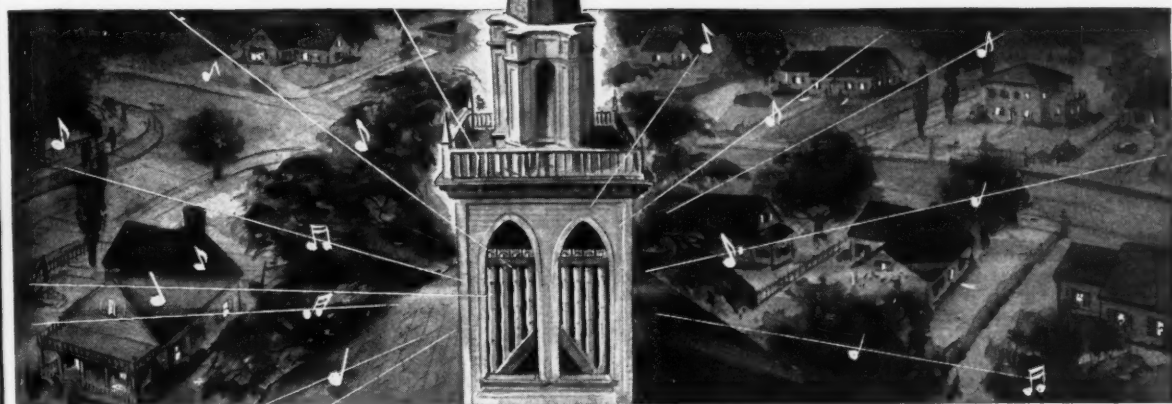
Either of these polished brass pieces, engraved with the IHS monogram, the collection plate or the altar vase would make a handsome and useful gift.

theirs that way? Is it wise for us to ignore the powerful implications of their acts in building a Chaplains Corps as the central force in maintaining a spirit of victory and go ahead with memorial committees that are conspicuous by the absence of ministers on them?

What of the art which some current memorial advocates write off as a total loss, but which military leaders have encouraged and used in a world at war? There is a military organization with soldier art exhibits which have attracted international attention and have been a powerful force in maintaining victory-compelling morale. The murals in the service clubs and theaters of Keesler Field, to mention but one of many, will live as an inspiration to freedom's advocates long after many of the so-called "living memorials" proposed in some quarters today have been razed to give place to newer and better facilities. Soldier art was encouraged "to improve the morale, happiness and bravery of the soldier." When Keesler Field's Special Services Officer, Capt. A. M. Klum, wrote a book about Keesler's murals ("Art and the Soldier," Special Services, Keesler Field, Miss.), more than two-thirds of the thousands of men stationed there

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MILITANT

Glory of a
CHURCH



A voice that **REACHES OUT** to touch the Lives and Hearts of the Community

THE church of tomorrow *must* be a militant church if it is to measure up to its opportunities and responsibilities in the uncertain days ahead.

It must be a *crusading* church, with influence that extends beyond the community it serves.

It must awaken more and more people to the peace of mind that lies in religious worship—attain new heights in restoring to a bewildered world the eternal values of Christian faith.

A church so conceived and so designed will, of course, be gifted with a voice. And though you search the world, you will find no voice so sublimely beautiful as that of a Deagan Carillon.

The installation of a Deagan Carillon brings the church to life—gives it new power to reach into the hearts and lives of the community.

Its unbelievably rich and mellow tone, made possible by Harmonic Tuning, endows a time-honored medium of ecclesiastical music with loveliness and inspirational qualities that old-time bells never knew.

Its music is the *living* music of *genuine tower bells*—unamplified, undistorted, unmatched in quality, carrying power and persuasiveness.

Daily service, assured by the Deagan Automatic Player, establishes a new kinship between the church and the community. Residents set their watches by the time peal of the Carillon, look forward

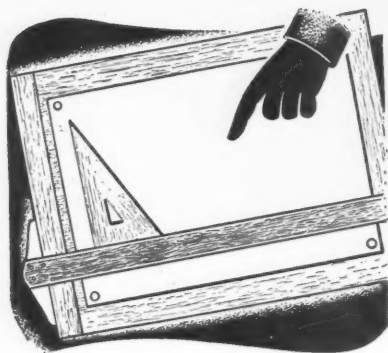
to its scheduled concerts, thrill to its participation in all of the events that make up community life.

In your plans to endow your church with a voice, bear in mind the safety and significance that lie in a single distinguished name. DEAGAN has served churches for 66 years. DEAGAN pioneered the tubular bell, electrical operation of Carillons, automatic playing, harmonic tuning. DEAGAN design placed Carillon music within reach of millions who would otherwise have been deprived of its beauties. DEAGAN reputation is worldwide. Let DEAGAN help you in designing a belfry that assures the most advantageous use of *your* Carillon. J. C. Deagan, Inc., 228 Deagan Building, Chicago 13, Illinois.

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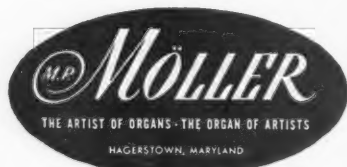


Though the importance of edifice design is naturally paramount in the minds of church building committees and their architects, that alone is not the complete initial problem.

Coincidental with the approval of plans in brick, mortar and stone should be approval of Pipe Organ specifications... for no other single factor plays more important a part in the continuing growth of the church.

A careful weighing of the future of the church program should lead planners from the very outset to decide on a MÖLLER—The Artist of Organs—The Organ of Artists. To make this possible, the engineering skill and design facilities of M. P. Möller are available to the church and its architect *right now*, before a pencil is put to paper on edifice design.

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Member: The Associated Organ Builders of America



An exquisite baptismal font such as this would make a perfect memorial.

purchased copies. But now some of our memorial commentators, in their misconceptions about what is practical, would deny these boys the inspiration and enjoyment of art in the very memorials which are supposed to pay tribute to them!

Proceeds from the sale of "Art and the Soldier" helped to pay for a carillon as a Christmas present to the Keesler Chaplain Corps and to erect a special building (the inception of a Keesler memorial "Temple of Faith") to house it. Writing of this and of the chapels, Col. Robert E. M. Goolrick, Keesler's wartime commanding officer, stated: "In



Expensive but lasting are these carved English oak choir stalls.

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 56



THE MEMORIAL OF DIGNITY
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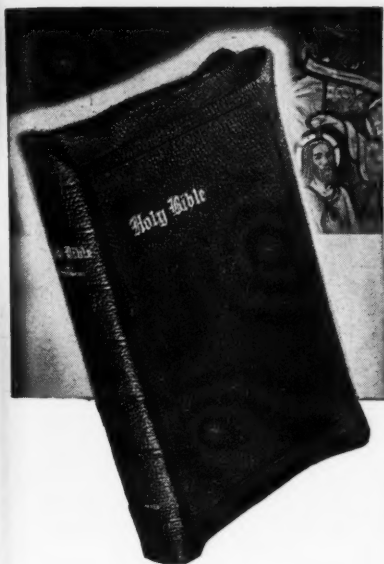
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No. 100 — \$1.50

Other styles of Winston Bibles listed in the Bible catalog available on request.

Type Specimen

Christ's sermon on the mount.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

32 But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is

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Philadelphia

these facilities we have ennobling plus-values unknown to the paganism which today shakes the earth and threatens civilization. In a country such as this America of ours, these plus-values create in us interior resources of power which make us invincible and victory certain, for they go beyond the triumph of arms to the triumph of the spirit."

Well, that spirit—the flaming spirit of victory fanned by faith and art and song into a fierce and conquering pride—and

What Shall I Give?

Puzzled about what to give your church as a memorial for a loved one? Here are some suggestions, although the list is by no means complete:

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CHURCH SCHOOL	HEARING AID
WORSHIP	SYSTEM
CENTER	CANDELISTICKS
ALTAR	SANCTUARY
PULPIT	LAMPS
PEWS	CHRISTIAN FLAG
ILLUMINATED	COLLECTION
CROSS FOR	PLATES
CHANCEL	ALTAR VASES

it alone, made our tangible weapons overwhelmingly effective when our fighting men met men whose morale had been built out of the Hitlerian philosophy of bulging muscles and hate.

But shall that spirit triumph in the coming job of waging peace? Shall we continue to delude ourselves with the idea that all we need now are things and physical conveniences? Shall we go on with plans that do nothing less than desecrate the whole nature and destiny of memorials?

Or shall we approach this task as we would any other with aspects new to us, by wisely calling upon people fitted by education, good taste and wide experience to guide us?

PAGE 57 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945

Ecclesiastical Appointments



Once again you may obtain many fine crosses, candlesticks and vases in brass as well as similar altar appointments in sterling silver. Created in styles to suit the highest taste and purpose, these altar pieces are ideal as memorials for the church. Consult our department of Ecclesiastical Appointments if you contemplate the purchase of any piece of brassware or sterling. You are assured of careful attention to your request and the choice of appointments of the finest quality and workmanship.



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16mm Sound Projector—for showing religious, educational or entertainment films.

Current Films

REVIEWED BY THE MOTION PICTURE
COUNCIL OF PROTESTANT WOMEN

Audience Suitability:

A—Adults; YP—Young people; F—Family.

CAPTAIN EDDIE. (20th Cent.-Fox)
Biographical studies is a trend these days in pictures; one of the best is this story of the life of Eddie Rickenbacker, a pilot in the first World War, a great automobile racer, and now president of Eastern Air Lines. This screen biography covers his life from the age of 13 until 1942, when he and seven others were rescued from the Pacific after they had spent twenty-one days on life rafts. Courage



"They read the Bible and they prayed."
A scene from "Captain Eddie."

and poise in the face of great danger is shown by the men on the rafts, and Christian faith and strength are demonstrated. They read the Bible and they prayed. One of the men later wrote, "We thought we heard the angels sing." Fred MacMurray plays the part of Captain Eddie. **F**

OVER 21. (Columbia) When a girl is over 21, there are three things she won't tell: her age, her dreams, her little tricks. The young in heart will enjoy this film. Again there is some drinking. (In real life the star of this picture neither drinks nor smokes.) Max Wharton (Alexander Knox) resigns from his job as editor of a paper to join the Army, because he feels that otherwise he cannot write about the post-war world. His wife, Paula (Irene Dunne), novelist and commentator, leaves her work to set up housekeeping in a tiny bungalow near her husband's Officers Training School. Max is 39 and worries about passing his examinations. The owner of the paper wants him to return, or at least to keep writing the editorials. To help her husband, Paula writes the editorials. They are so good that when her husband finally passes his examinations and must go, she is given the editorial job on the paper. Full of fun and excitement. **F** (Continued on next page)

PAGE 59 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1943

That their story may live . . .

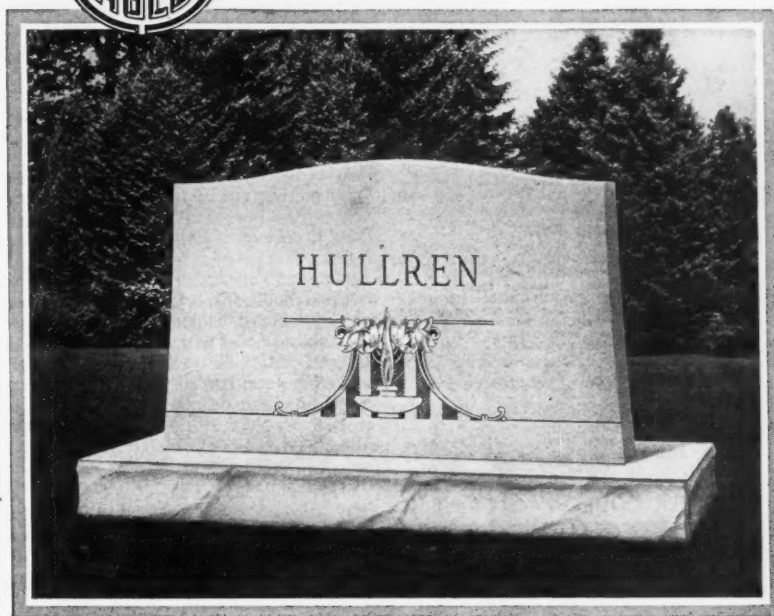
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Torrey M. Johnson, D.D., Pastor, Midwest Bible Church, Chicago

The Leathernecks Come Through By Chaplain W. Wyeth Willard. A thrilling portrayal of Pacific war life. Vital in meeting the challenge of returning service men and women. \$2.50

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Postal Zone
City.....No. (if any).....State.....

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF. (MGM) All the world and his neighbor meet at the Waldorf in New York over the weekend: the movie actress bored with her artificial life and looking for real living; the famous reporter wanting to catch up on his sleep between assignments, but who does not get any; an international crook trying to inveigle the Bey of a non-existing Near Eastern country into giving him oil priorities; the public stenographer who longs for the things that money can buy and nearly gives up the real things for a mirage of gold; the returned flyer about to undergo a dangerous operation without a wish to live. There is romance, sophistication, music, and some plain realities. An insight is given into the life and luxuries of a great hotel.

THE HIDDEN EYE. (MGM) A detective story with suspense, plenty of action and no horror. Even the children will enjoy this picture and be fascinated by the Seeing-Eye dog, Friday. One clever twist of the plot shows who the murderer is, half way through the play to the detective and the audience, but most of the characters and the police are in the dark until the climax. Edward Arnold acts the part of a blind detective.

JUNIOR MISS. (20th Cent.-Fox) The story of an imaginative thirteen-year-old girl, Judy. She has a very grown-up sixteen-year-old sister and long-suffering parents. Judy imagines that her father is in love with his employer's daughter, so she decides to have her uncle marry the girl. This leads to serious results for the father. The manners and customs, troubles and pleasures of teen-agers create an amusing comedy. Many will deplore the modern manners.

ANCHORS AWEIGH. (MGM) A technicolor musical that the whole family can enjoy. It has excellent entertainment value. Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly play two sailors on leave after being decorated. They meet a girl, Kathryn Grayson, with whom they both fall in love. Her ward, Dean Stockwell, a very engaging little boy of kindergarten age, is determined to join the Navy. This leads to the sailors going to the school where they tell stories and take part in a delightful scene of a dream-like episode acted in cartoon form for the children. Miss Grayson secures an audition with José Iturbi, and the great musician finally consents to lead the band on the boys' ship. A musical of high caliber.

THE SOUTHERNER. (United Artists) People who know and love the South will find things to criticize in this problem picture. It is an attempt to portray the difficulties encountered during one year by a family of cotton farmers in Texas. We object to the drinking scenes.

OUT OF THIS WORLD. (Paramount) Gay musical comedy with romance that is good entertainment except when it becomes slapstick. The comedy at times is in bad taste and the dance number is inexcusable. The story is built around a

girl orchestra leader and her crooner who is Eddie Bracken with Bing Crosby's voice! A technical device is used to dub in the voice.

Second Raters:

Easy To Look At. (Universal) Flimsy. **F; Nob Hill.** (20th Cent.-Fox) Effusively sentimental. **A YP; On Stage Everybody.** (Universal) A waste of time. **A YP; Within These Walls.** (20th Cent.-Fox) Monotonous prison story. **A; The Beautiful Cheat.** (Universal) Unamusing comedy. **A; You Can't Do Without Love.** (Columbia) Stupid plot and waste of film. **A; Mamma Loves Papa.** (RKO) Much drinking. **A.**

Definitely Not Commended:

Dillinger. (Monogram) A lurid gangster picture. **Why Girls Leave Home.** (PRC) A sordid mystery.

Previously Recommended:

Thunderhead F, Enchanted Cottage F, Picture of Dorian Gray A, YP, Gentle Annie A, It Happened in Springfield F, The Clock F, A Medal For Benny F, Son of Lassie F, Escape in the Desert A, YP, Counter-Attack A, YP, The Silver Fleet F, Back To Bataan A, YP, China's Little Devils A, Story of G. I. Joe F, A Bell for Adano F, Thrill of A Romance F, Where Do We Go From Here? A, YP, The Fighting Guardsman A, YP.

TRY THE NEW THING!

(Continued from page 32)

have a Quaker service on Sunday morning, in which not a word was spoken until someone felt "moved." As I look back across my whole ministry now, I think those Quaker services were the finest I have ever known. You might try it, my young brother. But walk carefully, at first!

The second winter of my pastorate in that church, I had an average of four funerals a week. I hope I had the right idea about those funeral services. I found that a long and very mournful "sermon" was expected of the preacher, at the church, to be followed by one quite as long and mournful at the grave. When I started to preach more cheerful sermons, the folks looked hurt. When I asked the pallbearers not to take off their hats in the cemetery (where it was 20 below zero) I found that many of them were even offended; they said it wasn't showing the proper respect to the dead. But in the long run, they really appreciated those "innovations." Anyway, the funerals were a lot more cheerful than they had been, and there were fewer colds and cases of gripe among the pallbearers, afterwards. That was something.

I pass all this along for whatever it is worth. Maybe none of it will work in your church. Maybe you have a better idea. But—get an idea. A new idea. Get out of the rut. Try the new thing, and you'll be seeing new faces, in your church in the country.

(Continued from page 35)

She was jealous of Johnny from the first, and though the boy was only 13 at the time, he knew it and resented it. During the next four years, the two had many spats and while Gran'pa's sympathies were all with his young son, the baby one born fifteen years after Tuck, Johnny had to be reprimanded for the things he said. Tuck was quiet and gentle, like Jenny had been, and Ivy always took her ill temper out on him.

And then, when Johnny was 17, he ran away. That was a hurt Gran'pa never quite got over. Seven years had passed and through the changing seasons he always thought, "Johnny will be home by fall." Johnny will be home before spring. But Johnny never came.

Finally Gran'pa had rheumatism and was confined to his bed for three long dreary months. It was then, while he was flat on his back, sick and weak, that Ivy got the better of him. She had Tuck urge him to deed them the home place, harping on the thought that he might never walk again.

"You know I'd keep you and take care of you, Pa, in any case, but it's a lot to ask of Ivy. Chances are Johnny'll never come home, but if he does, we could pay him a little for his part, say five hundred dollars maybe. Might as well fix it so Ivy and I can take care of you and carry on here."

Gran'pa had held out a while but at last they wore him down, so he deeded away the place, with the stipulation that Johnny was to have five hundred cash, when he came home. Five hundred for his part of a place that was worth three thousand if it was worth a cent!

Gran'pa convalesced through that summer. In the fall, before he could get about so well, Tuck sold the place. He had driven Ivy into town one day and that night, when they came home, they had the money and the bill of sale had been signed and delivered.

"Tuck's going to amount to something," Ivy said proudly, ignoring the old man's stricken look. "My children are going to be somebody. Not just farmers. And you've got no cause to throw a fit, either. You'll have a bed to sleep in and food. What more do you want?"

Gran'pa hadn't figured that the good Lord would let Ivy get away with her tricks but she went and bought a big house in town and Tuck got a job at the defense plant at ninety-five cents an hour, which was reason enough for Ivy to say "I told you so!"

It had been chilly when he started out, but it was warm now. Taking off his coat, he swung it over his shoulder and walked on, leaving the large, well-kept houses and coming to little shacks all

"I won't let my child be a laughing stock!"



1. I was floored when my husband made that remark. Seems he'd overheard the two old maids next door, and he was upset about what they said. "Those two women," he said, "are *laughing* at the way you're raising our child!"



2. "They say you're spoiling the baby," Jack went on, "because you have everything special for her—special soap, special powder—even a special *laxative*! Frankly, I've wondered about all that special business myself."




3. "Jack!" I laughed, "surely *you're* modern enough to know a special laxative is *right* for a baby. Doctors say a baby's delicate system *needs* special care. A baby can't be treated like an adult, particularly with a laxative."



4. "That's why I give the baby Fletcher's Castoria," I went on. "It's made *especially* for children—it's never harsh or upsetting, like adult laxatives might be. It's effective, yet gentle." Well, Jack calmed down after that.



5. And later when I gave the baby Fletcher's Castoria, Jack saw how she loved to take it. "Say, you know more about baby raising than anyone around," he said. "Wait'll I tell those old maids the laugh is on *them*!"



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jammed up together, the doorsteps coming right down to the pavement without even a little apron of grass. He felt sorry for the young'uns there squatting in the sun or playing out in the street. Children ought to have a meadow to play in, where everything was green and where brown thrushes sang. Boys ought to whistle in the blackberry thickets and little girls ought to have apple trees to build their doll houses under.

He must have walked a right smart piece, he thought, for now the houses were farther apart, with little squares of yard in between. Everything looked cleaner here and the air smelled sweet and good, like the country. No scent of smoke and garbage cans and stale fried onions. The sky was blue overhead with white puffs of clouds.

The street became wider now and the streetcar tracks made a loop, turning back upon themselves. This must be the end of the line. He would just rest a little, then start walking back. By the time he got to the house, Ivy's party would be over. He leaned against a post, suddenly spent and weary. And thirsty. Oh, that one would give me drink from that well. . . .

A young man in a shabby pick-up truck pulled up beside him. "Can I give you a lift, sir?"

Gran'pa pulled his eyes from the long road that ran like a ribbon into the distance. Home was out there a piece. The well was out there and the young man was headed that way. Just one drink from that well. . . . More nimbly than was his wont, Gran'pa climbed into the truck and closed the door. "Thank ye," he said.

"Going far?" the young man asked. He wore faded overalls and a blue shirt. About Johnny's age, Gran'pa thought. Only Johnny was taller. Bigger.

"Just over other side of Ranston," he said. "Over on Huckleberry Creek."

"I can take you as far as Millersville. Been over to the farm bureau to see about getting some help for planting."

"Get anybody?" Hope flared in Gran'pa's heart like a brush fire. Maybe he could get work over here somewhere, close to the home place. Maybe . . .

"Yeah, got a couple of guys," the boy nodded. "Of course I can do a good bit of work myself, this year."

"If Uncle Sam don't get you," Gran'pa suggested.

"Not me. I just got back from the Pacific. Discharged."

Maybe that's where Johnny is, the old man thought. Maybe he'll come home after it's over. The thought gave him no comfort. There was no home for Johnny to come back to. It belonged to somebody else now.

Suddenly Gran'pa could have shouted. Why hadn't he thought of it before. If this farm boy needed help, maybe the new owner could use a man. Gran'pa sat

up very straight, his eyes fierce with longing. Wouldn't matter if they paid him or not, if they would just let him hang around. He wouldn't be no trouble to anyone. He could wash his own clothes and do for himself and tend to that place better than anyone else in the world. He wouldn't let on to the new owner about the rheumatism or the way his hip ached in damp weather. It wouldn't hurt any worse working than it would setting around. If Johnny came back, he'd be there. Johnny would find him at the home place!

It was six miles from Ranston to Millersville and the sun was getting low when Gran'pa got out of the pick-up. He set out at a fast pace, limping only a very little. A lady in a roadster picked him up a hundred yards outside the town and leaning back in the leather seat he feasted his hungry eyes on the landscape he knew so well. How many times he had walked this road in his dreams, since he went away, remembering every turn in the road. Here was the little old bridge built away back before Jenny died. They had put new flooring in it once or twice but it was just the same, spanning Huckleberry Creek that went winding between the willows. Huckleberry Creek ran right through the home place.

At last the lady stopped to let him out at the end of the lane and after she drove off he stood there for a long time, gazing at the dear familiar scene. Just as he remembered it, the lane with the plum trees on either side, the swelling buds giving the branches a pale frosty appearance. Off to the left was the long rows of apple trees that he had set out the year Tuck was born. They were a patchwork of pink and faint green now. A day or two more of sunshine and they would be in full bloom. And there . . . there was the house, his house and Jenny's. There was the picket fence he had built, with Johnny's swing under the big elm tree.

The scene blurred for a moment as two tears burned their way down his leathery cheeks. He wiped them away, blew his nose and hurried up the lane, not limping at all now. The sun hung just over the rim of the western hill, as though it had waited to welcome him home.

This was good home soil under his feet and he felt a sudden desire to stoop and gather up a handful of it, but the house ahead drew him and he could not pause. He had a moment's panic when he saw that the front door was closed and the white curtains were drawn. As though there was no one about. As though the new owner had gone away and left the house . . . alone. It was not a house to be left alone.

His hand on the picket gate shook so he could hardly undo the wooden fastening. He did not go to the front door, but circled the house, feeling the sharp

weatherboarding with his hand as he passed. Then he came to the well.

He reached out and clutched the well box, running his fingers over the boards that he knew so well. The kitchen door stood open and he half expected Jenny to come out and stand there, in her gingham apron, flour on her hands.

Maybe I'm dreaming this up, he thought. Maybe I'll wake up in that narrow little room in town. Then, so the dream would not leave him too soon and cheat him of this precious moment, he reached for the well bucket and letting the chain slip through his hands, sent it hurtling into the dark depths below. He heard the bucket strike the water, felt the tug of the chain as it submerged, then slowly, hand over hand, he began drawing the dripping bucket up.

When it rested on the well box, from force of habit he reached along the side of the box and sure enough, there hung the rusty tin dipper on a nail. His hand shook so he spilled most of the first dipperful, then he was holding it to trembling lips, drinking in deep gulps.

Water from the well that is by the gate—at Beth-lehem. He wiped his mouth with two strokes of the back of his wrist and shut his eyes for a moment against the tears that threatened to spill over. Then, as he had done so many times before, he tilted the bucket and watered the mint, hanging the dipper back on the nail.

Hearing a sound from the barn, he turned to see a woman coming toward the house with a milk pail in her hand. She was young and tall and well proportioned. Her skin was very fair and her hair, the color of the sun-gilded clouds that hung in the west, was short, curling about her face. There was something familiar about her, the way she walked, the way she held her head. When she came closer he saw that her eyes were blue as gentians and her mouth was soft and sweet and gentle. She made him think of Jenny.

She was half way across the yard when she saw him standing there by the well. "Good evening," she said and smiled. "I hope you had a drink of my good water."

"Yes," one hand reached up to stroke his chin, while his eyes searched her face keenly. "Yes, thank ye."

"I'm Hazel Swanson," she said. "Do you live around here?"

"No, I came a right far piece." His eyes probed hers, holding her gaze. "I need work . . . bad. I thought maybe you . . ." he stopped, seeing the guarded look that came into her eyes. If she says no, I don't know what I'll do, he thought, clinging to the well box. I can't leave this place now. I can't!

"I don't need any help now," the girl said, and shifted her milk pail to the other hand. (Continued on next page)

PAGE 63 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945



Your mornings can be bright even after you overindulge. Take *genuine Phillips'*, acknowledged by doctors an ideal laxative-antacid. Overnight it works this double wonder:

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"Maybe if I could see your pa," he suggested gently.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry. I own the place. I live here alone. And I don't need any help."

"I . . . see," slowly the old man stooped and picked up his hat and coat. "Well . . . thank ye."

He stumbled toward the side gate that would take him into the lane. He could smell the good country scents—warm milk, the barn smell, hay, new grass. He dared not lift his eyes to the hill where Jenny lay. He dared not look away to the fields where he had plowed his youth and the green months under, where he had sown his heart in long straight furrows. He groped for the gate, his hand fumbling the latch.

"Wait, would you have supper with me?" The girl's voice came from a long way off. He felt her hand on his arm, leading him back up the path, though a dimness hung over his eyes. "Here now, you sit here on the porch and rest a little. You're all tuckered out."

She eased him into a chair and went away, leaving him alone. There was something familiar about that chair. The arms were smooth under his hands and he clung to them. Jenny's old chair! The one he had put the new split bottom in. Ivy had left so many of Jenny's things here, stored in the barn loft, because she thought they were not good enough for the house in town. Jenny's chair. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes a moment. When he opened them again, the queer noises had gone out of his head and he could see more clearly. The sun had gone down and the fields were shadowed with a faint blue dusk.

He heard footsteps behind him in the kitchen, firm steps like Jenny's. There was a savory aroma that opened the door of yesterday to him, the aroma of fresh bread, of good coffee. The girl's voice came from the doorway.

"I had to strain the milk first, but supper's ready now. Will you come in?"

He was standing in Jenny's kitchen and it was just as if she had never gone away. Her glass lamp softly lighted the room, her table covered with striped oil cloth, her cupboard, her chairs. The old stove. Warm bread lay sliced on a blue plate. Side meat rolled in meal and fried brown. Fried potatoes and country butter. Steaming coffee with a mug of yellow cream beside it. Honey in the white jar shaped like a beehive. The jar was cracked. Johnny had cracked it when he was a baby.

"You may sit here," Hazel indicated a chair at the end of the table. "My, I'm glad I baked bread today."

Gran'pa thought, how like Jenny! She baked bread and she called the evening meal *supper*!

"Try some of the side meat," she forked two generous slices on his plate.

"One of my neighbors gave me a piece. The neighbors are so nice."

"You ought to get you a shoat to fatten against killing time," Gran'pa cleared his throat which felt tight and thick. "That north pasture's mostly woods and there's plenty of mast for hogs."

"I didn't know that. I've never raised hogs, but I've got a cow and calf and that gives me all the milk I can use. It's a help. I bought a horse when I bought the place. With grass coming on, he ought to do fine."

"You've got a good place here," Gran'pa spread his bread thickly with butter. If he didn't look up he could imagine it was Jenny. "One of the best in these parts. You ought to make it all right."

Suddenly she leaned across the table and her blue eyes clouded. "I've been whistling in the dark," she said breathlessly. "I don't know which way to turn." Then her words came in a rush, as though it were a relief to talk to someone. "You see, I was engaged to be married. We'd been saving for a long time to buy a farm of our own. In another year we'd have had enough, then he had to go to the Army. After he went across, I got to thinking about the time when he'd be coming back, so I gave up my job, drew out our money and came down here. You see, he came from this county. He talked about it a lot . . . the house and the well."

Gran'pa caught his breath.

She shook her head. "You see, I had no experience and the lawyer who made the deal for me made it sound so easy. I spent most of our money for the place. I didn't even have enough for furniture but there was a lot of stuff stored out in the barn loft."

Gran'pa cleared his throat and tried twice before words came. His hand, clutching the edge of the table, shook. "It's all right now. You'll make it."

"I don't . . . think so," she put her fingertips against her mouth to stop its trembling. "You see, he's in a hospital on the coast. He lost an arm . . . I had a letter. He's ready to come home and I don't know . . . what to . . . do."

She locked her fingers together and tilted her chin upon them. Her lashes gleamed in the lamplight. "There's plowing and planting and I don't . . . know how. I thought maybe I ought to go to town and list the place . . . for sale. I just can't make it. I'm . . . scared."

"You can't sell now," Gran'pa said in a ragged voice. "You belong here. When he comes back . . . you have to have a place . . . for him. You've got to stay."

"I don't see how," she began in a troubled voice. "I just don't see . . ."

"I can help you," Gran'pa's answer was a stout challenge in Jenny's kitchen. "The lower field could be sowed in oats. The south field and the bottoms in corn.

Good garden and truck patches. I can do all the plowing and planting, by working late at night. I could swap work with the neighbors for some seed and enough chickens and a hog maybe. I know where I could lay my hands on five hundred dollars and later a riding cultivator would be all right for a man with . . . with one arm."

"Maybe we couldn't pay you for a long time," the girl said slowly, pink blossoming in her cheeks, "but there's a big four-poster bed in the bedroom upstairs and if you'd stay with us . . . if you only would. . ."

Gran'pa reached a hand across the table. She took it in her own and clung to it, smiling at him through the tears she was not ashamed to shed.

Gran'pa felt strong and proud. Not old and rheumatic now. Someone needed him. "A body don't need no pay when they come home," he said simply.

WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO?

(Continued from page 27)

speech, but any of us can give a thoughtful speaker an attentive hearing.

The only reason why the magazine racks are overflowing with the cheap and vulgar is that *these sell*. The yellow journalist explains his product by saying that the people want it. The salacious moving picture is produced because it is an attraction at the box office. The explanation of the lewd and the vulgar, to say nothing of the downright dirty, in modern fiction is that the reading public is willing to pay money for it.

One man can help maintain a symphony orchestra, keep a library open, support a preacher with an independent mind and a social vision, maintain cultural agencies, open the doors of a church on Sunday morning, raise the level of the conversation that goes on about him, create an atmosphere, increase the amount of courtesy on the public highway, make good manners popular, frown on vulgarity, and improve the moral tone of the circle in which he moves.

One man can protest to the radio station when it invades his home with an objectionable program. One man can write his newspaper expressing a contrary opinion when the editor espouses an immoral project. One man can refuse to listen to gossip, can hold himself aloof from the scandal that goes through his neighborhood, can bury the malicious rumor that assails the character of his neighbor, and can withhold judgment until the facts are all in when suspicions are aroused concerning a reputable institution.

One man can be a ready listener to the best that can be said about those with whom he associates; he can enhance the good reputation of honorable men; he

PAGE 65 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945



SCENE 1....Trouble at 526 Park!

7 a. m.—Moving day dawns . . . like thunder. Poor Mrs. B. can't face it. Constipation symptoms have her down.

She's headachy, uncomfortable. "A sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica will fix you up in no time," cries Mr. B.



SCENE 2....Heroine makes smiling exit!

9 a. m. Here comes Mrs. B., rejoicing at Sal Hepatica's quick, easy relief. Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity,

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can encourage those who strive to achieve their highest and their best; he can inspire those who are staggering under heavy loads; he can comfort those who find themselves deserted in their crusade for righteousness.

THE whole world is in the midst of a moral sag. Perhaps it is the backwash of the war, or it may have started before Pearl Harbor and only been accelerated by the tension and strain of these years of hostilities. At any rate, old-fashioned ideals of morality and honor are being discarded with reckless abandon. A Mid-west pastor tells of looking out of the window of a doctor's office and counting ten baby buggies, containing sleeping or crying infants, parked just outside a tavern on the main street of a small city of six thousand. The newspapers of every major city in the land carry stories every few days of little children deserted by drinking mothers.

A gambling mania has swept across America, carrying multitudes to shame and dishonor. Millions of young people are being taught that unearned money is worth as much as that for which honest labor is expended. Nothing but disaster can come to a nation that teaches its youth such a lesson.

Dr. W. T. Clemens, a layman who heads the New York State Council of Churches, declares that his investigations have revealed the fact that "There are three times as many criminals in America as college students, and more barmaids than college girls."

One man can stop all this—at least so far as he is, himself, concerned. If he is employed he can give a full day's work for a full day's pay. If he is an employer, he can fabricate his product honestly, and see that his prices bear a reasonable relation to the costs involved.

One man can set a guard over his own soul. He can maintain high ideals and good morals in spite of the downward trends all about him. He can tell the truth even when it is to his disadvantage; he can hold an unearned dollar in fine contempt; he can seek opportunities for investing his money in enterprises that do not exploit their workers or defraud the purchasers; he can live a sober life, free from intoxicants, and dedicated to the highest Christian ideals of chastity and decency.

In all ages, whenever a civilization has been tottering on the brink, it has been the godly remnant that has proven to be its salvation—the "saving salt," as Jesus phrased it. Those who have maintained their ideals and preserved their honor have been the anchors of the nations. Morality has always been vindicated by those who have refused to compromise. One man may not be able to save the whole world, but at least he can be one grain of salt, and nothing ever goes en-

tirely to pieces in the presence of salt.

FOR a century and a half the ideals of democracy have been the most cherished possession of our American heritage. We have believed that all the world envied the liberties and freedoms we have enjoyed.

Today democracy is on trial around the world. Millions of people seem to believe they have found a better way of living together. Even here in our beloved America there are those who are ready to discard the principles by which we have become the strongest and freest people on earth, in order to experiment with some other form of social organization.

The great phrase of the day is "economic security." As someone has put it, we have set out to guarantee security to every man from the cradle to the grave—after that he is on his own.

In the face of this widespread demand for economic security at the price of freedom, one man can maintain democracy. He can serve on juries when called upon to do so; he can keep his own path to the ballot-box clear and open; he can defend the rights of minorities against the encroachments of industrial and political overlords; he can listen to the political orator with whom he disagrees and make up his own mind; he can grant a hearing to those who differ with him; he can cherish his own liberties above all other blessings and teach their significance to his children; he can determine to make up his own mind on the basis of facts and supervised only by his Christian convictions.

In a democracy it becomes every man's duty to make public opinion. No Administration in Washington can long survive popular disapproval, and no law can be effective which does not have the support of the consciences of the people. Public opinion is the sum total of the private opinions of individuals. One man may be but a voice crying in the wilderness, but such voices have always been the redeemers of wildernesses. Any man, by voicing his most sincere convictions, his most careful thinking, his most sensitive conscience, and his most unprejudiced judgment, can help make that opinion of the public which will determine the day in which we live. The silence of the righteous is evil's greatest opportunity.

One man can make it a rule to pay his debts, keep his word, limit his spending to his income, deal honestly with his neighbors, assume his share of community responsibility, and make the golden rule work inside his own sphere. He can do the work society has assigned to him with such care and faithfulness, that no one will need to come after him to do it over again.

Let the physician enter the sick room as a man divinely called, let the teacher stand before his pupils with the belief that he is commissioned by Almighty God to guide the youth under his charge; let the manager of a factory think of his work as a sacred calling to serve the people; let the lawyer go into the courts, in the sight of God, to see that justice is done.

THE Kingdom of Heaven, as Jesus taught the ideal, is the dream that God has had for the race. It is not a life to be lived after death, but one to be lived here and now. Jesus prayed, *Thy Kingdom come on earth.*

Jesus' ideal for the Kingdom was a social order in which the practice of brotherhood would be universal, the law of love would be supreme, and the reign of truth and justice would be eternal.

The Kingdom of Heaven is not an economic system, a theology, nor a political program. It is an ideal that grips the heart of an individual until his whole life is made over. It is not something that comes down out of heaven, but something that grows up among men who are dedicated to the service of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. This means that every Christian is to become a source of spiritual magnetism from which the rest of the world will get a new spirit. Any man can let God set it up in his own heart and life, bringing every aspect of his life into such harmony with its ideals and purposes that he will be ready to say, "It is not I that lives, but Christ that liveth in me." Such an achievement is somehow akin to the divine.

In the moving picture called "The House of Rothschild," of some years ago, there was a very gripping scene in which the aged baron was staking his fortune in an effort to save the empire. One of his friends, solicitous for his future, said, "One man can't save England." The old baron replied, "One man can try."

In the face of desperate need, with the world cracking up before his eyes, and righteousness in need of defenders on every sector, when we ask "What can one man do?" the answer comes back across the years—*One man can try!*

THE PEACE OF GOD IN ASIA

(Continued from page 29)

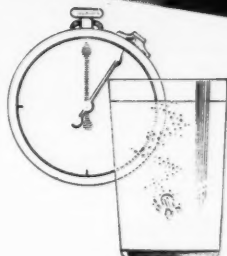
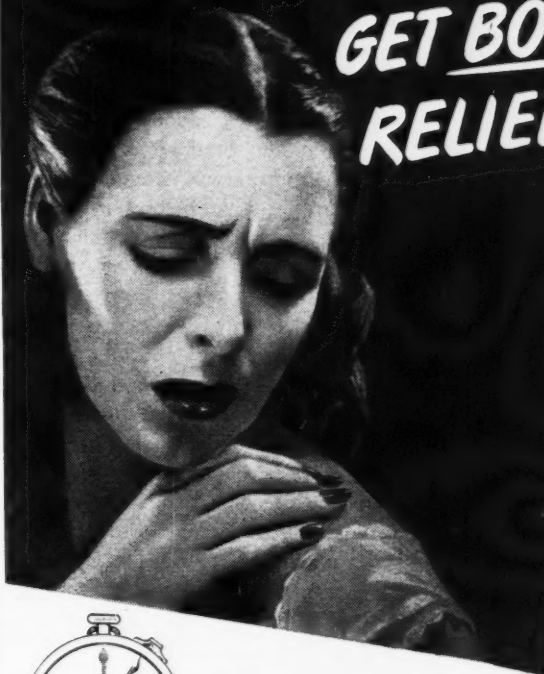
policies that are contrary to the people's will. Often as in the case of aid to China, the will of the people is the way of wisdom. Certainly when the emergency is over and we sit down to formulate the peace, the voice of *all* the people should be heard.

What is true of China is true also of Japan. When war came the War Depart-

PAGE 67 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945

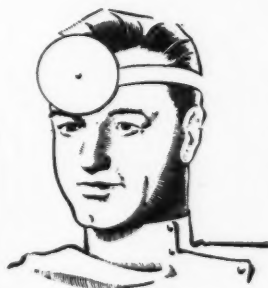
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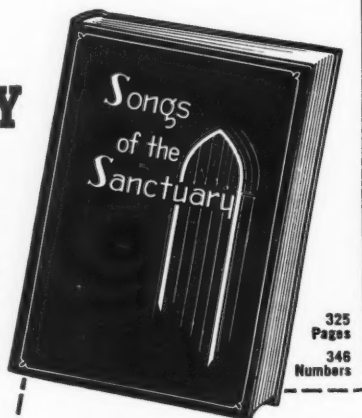
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ment and the State Department had to call upon missionaries and their families to act as interpreters since there were so few Americans who understood the Japanese language. The number of Americans in the Government and out who understand the Japanese people is just as small. The sympathetic, but far from blind, understanding gained by years of living among the Japanese should qualify the missionaries as interpreters of this strange people to the men who make the peace. Without such an understanding the peace makers will blunder and blunder badly and the result may well be disastrous. The Japanese used to regard every American missionary as a secret agent of the United States Government. They recognized and feared the strategic position the missionaries occupied in the Imperial realm and were convinced their knowledge would be used by Americans fighting the war. Our Government would be wise if it recognized contributions the missionary can make to the solving of the perplexing problems of peace.

Whether or not the Government will be wise enough to voluntarily avail itself of the knowledge and experience of the missionary, I don't know. But the Church can do everything in its power, as an organized and interested portion of the American people, to compel a recognition of its right to influence the peace which concerns us so vitally. The Church should offer its services to the Government in such a way as to force a definite acceptance or rejection. Churchmen should present in a general way their program for peace; a peace which will protect and advance the cause of Christianity in the Far East confident in the fact that a program which will do that will benefit the peoples of the world since it must be the peace of God for Asia.

As Americans, as Protestants, as Christians we are committed to the cause of freedom in Asia. When we preached the Gospel to the people of Asia we preached liberty. When we gave them the Bible, we gave them a charter of independence. Having lighted the fires of freedom, we dare not allow them to be put out. This is our sacred responsibility. We must work for the liberation of Koreans, of Filipinos and also of Burmese, Javanese, Indians and Indo-Chinese. This poses some delicate problems, but we cannot avoid them. We have rightly taken our stand against imperialism. Justice demands that we be consistent. If imperialism is wrong for Japan or Germany or the United States, it is equally wrong for Great Britain, the Netherlands and France. To propose a peace based on any other premise would be rank hypocrisy.

Finally for Japan there must be justice but a justice tempered with mercy. We must prove to the people of Japan

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 68

and to the world that we are a Christian nation and this can best be done by magnanimity toward a defeated foe. Our purpose is victory, not revenge. While we are determined to prevent a repetition of Japanese aggression for the sake of the Japanese as well as ourselves, we are not committed to the destruction of that nation. Defeat and the abolition of their empire by stripping them of Korea, Manchuria, Formosa and the mandated islands will be punishment enough. To go further and destroy their economy or lay intolerable burdens upon their people would not only be unworthy of our war aims but disastrous to the hope of peace. The industry and commerce of Japan is essential to the very existence of her tremendous population.

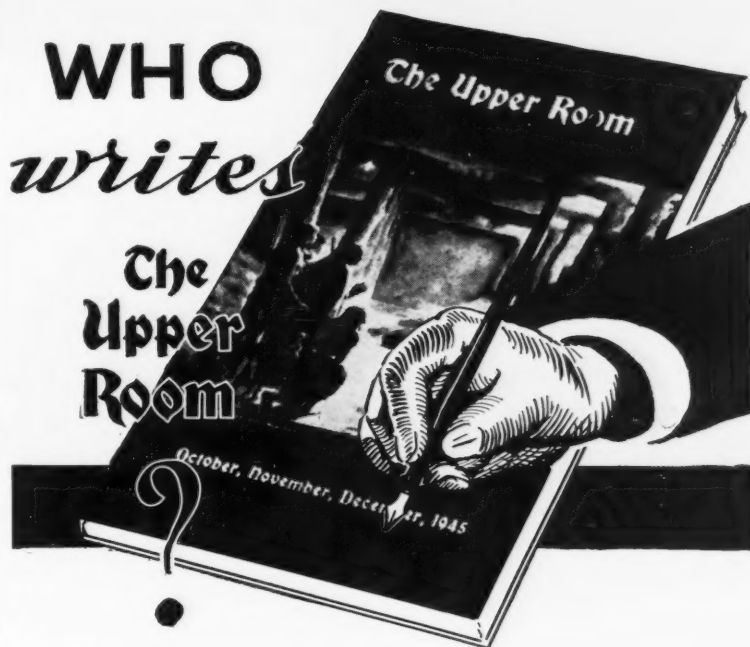
There are in Japan as in Germany liberal elements. These should be encouraged to assume the government of that nation. The success of their government should be assured if democracy is to prevail. With our help the new leadership can give to the people a measure of prosperity and progress such as they never enjoyed under the militarists. This, more than anything else, would win the Japanese to a way of life which would transform them from an enemy to a partner of peace in the Pacific.

Through events not of our choosing the United States has, through war, become the dominant power in deciding the affairs of Asia. It is an awful responsibility, but we cannot escape it. The welfare of the Far East for the next hundred years rests in our hands. The peace and prosperity of two-thirds of mankind hangs upon our decisions. Nor can the fate of the rest of humanity be disassociated from that of Asia. Never has a nation faced so stupendous an opportunity for good or evil. If in the peace which is ours to make we bring to the peoples of the Orient political liberty, social equality and economic opportunity, we will have made the greatest contribution to the welfare of humanity in the long history of civilization.

Unlike our approach to the problems of Europe, our attitude toward Asia has always been based on the knowledge we have gained from the ambassadors of God rather than the State Department. The representatives of the American people in Asia have not been diplomatic or consular agents but Christian missionaries, and it is from these that we have gained our knowledge of, and affection for, our Oriental brethren. They have been the best interpreters of America to the Asiatics and the Orient to Americans. If we are to have a people's peace, the missionaries and the Christian Church must have a part in the decisions which are made. Men of God must be the architects of peace for only the Peace of God in Asia will solve today's problems or achieve tomorrow's hope.

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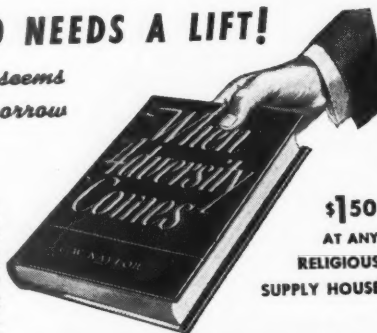
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THE most distinguished missionary statesman of a generation, Kenneth Scott Latourette, has this to say about RELIGIOUS LIBERTY: AN INQUIRY: "There is no other study in this field which so combines comprehensiveness, scholarly competence, objectivity, and penetrating insight." Also the volume is absorbing reading for laymen as well as ecclesiastical scholars and clergymen. The volume is a library. It opens with an introduction which concludes, "Broad and wholesome liberty, in which religious liberty is a constituent element, is the social good in view," and the author for more than six hundred pages keeps that social good in view.

Archbishop Ireland it was who said in 1890. "In our fear lest Protestants gain some advantage over Catholics or Catholics over Protestants, we play into the hands of unbelievers and secularists. . . . I would permeate the regular state school with the religion of the majority be that religion as Protestant as Protestantism can be." As this quotation suggests, the volume is encyclopedic. It is an invaluable contribution to both the religious and political literature of our time and a major contribution to the thinking of all who would face intelligently the "urgent problems of mankind."

Not in a blue moon do two novels appear that are so completely "right" for CHRISTIAN HERALD readers as BEHOLD YOUR KING and THE BLACK ROSE. They are great fiction and also they are decent! No novel of this generation has made Jesus live in fiction as does BEHOLD YOUR KING. The contemporary scene and the characters are painted with bold, heroic, reverential strokes. The love story is at once convincing and beautiful. Theologically it will satisfy and delight the most orthodox and, because it is fiction in the grand manner, it will be equally acceptable to the most liberal. All faiths will read this story, but for the Christian's library it is a "must" book.

The story of Jesus and His disciples—His rising popular acclaim and then the falling away of the people—moves steadily to the trials in Jerusalem and the crucifixion. It comes into the glory of the Gospel story with the Resurrection and the Ascension. Details and particulars are in harmony with the New Testament record and the reader finds his Bible living

in new colors with added human touches, but remaining always his Bible. BEHOLD YOUR KING is a great and triumphant novel.

THE BLACK ROSE is the story of a young English nobleman whom we meet first at Oxford on a night of rioting in 1273 when students and civilians clash. Our hero is the illegitimate son of the Earl of Lessford, but there are extenuating circumstances, you may be sure, and across the world and back again he rides and fights to achieve his honor and to win knighthood and a noble name. A single classroom meeting with Roger Bacon changes the course of Walter of Gurnie's life and though the immortal friar appears but briefly, his genius dominates the tale. Walter of Gurnie and Tristram, a youth of humbler birth, strengthen their friendship with a hundred incredible adventures from Jerusalem to Cathay. They have a common love in Maryam, the exquisitely beautiful daughter of an eastern harem whose blue eyes told of her English crusader father. Maryam becomes the wife of Walter and the mother of his son. The two are separated when Bayan of the Hundred Eyes sweeps ruthlessly down upon Kinsai (Hangchow).

The young Englishman has become the personal representative of Bayan to the Empress of Cathay, and in Kinsai married Maryam. Their brief life together in that exotic capital is a unique bit of storytelling. It was the romantic interlude between tragedy and tragedy. Following it came a long separation during which Maryam and presently her son, the heir of Gurnie, struggled half across an unfriendly world to find London at last—London and their beloved one. The picture of England in the days before King Edward and his gracious queen Eleanor is a brutal spectacle. I judge THE BLACK ROSE the finest romantic novel of half a dozen years.

THE WHITE TOWER is a tremendous story—one of the greatest of our time. As a novel, it will rank inevitably among the literary achievements of a generation. It will be a lasting best-seller. Majestic description, details that are at times all but overwhelming, passionate love and the entire gamut of human emotions, are united upon these pages to make one of the compelling tales of these war blasted days. But why must marital infidelity, adultery and abortion cloud and besmirch so fine a prospect? "Realism" will of course be the excuse, but it is not an honest answer. Again and again the modern novel is the literary shame of our times. THE WHITE TOWER should not have been smirched in any of its moods nor should any of its pinnacles have been dimmed! To compromise the beauty and power of this novel is indefensible.

Hillyer H. Straton, one of the younger clergymen of the Northern Baptist Convention, is also one of the most promising leaders and prophetic thinkers among Baptist clergymen. In his latest volume, THINKING WHERE JESUS THOUGHT, is conservative theological thinking at its best. The author makes scholarship serve evangelical faith and evangelistic fervor and does it with fine spirit. He thinks where Jesus thought, as Jesus thought and to

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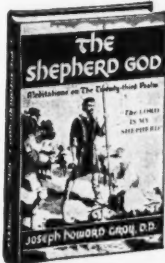
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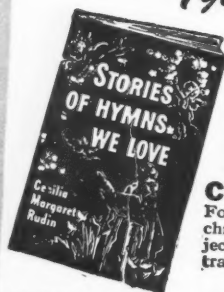
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So far as I am concerned, Robert J. Casey is the ace reporter of this war. BATTLE BELOW is the "now it may be told" story of the submarine, and a story it is—factual, direct, without words wasted and yet thrilling as fiction. THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN is the overall report from practically all the battlefronts by the correspondent who saw more of the global war than any other newsmen.

An intricate novel of the Crusades and the story of the tragic leper king comes from the pen of the distinguished author of "Blessed Are the Meek" and the "Unknown Land." I have not found a more satisfying picture in modern literature of the times through which these knights and ladies move than in THE LEPER KING.

IN SO WELL REMEMBERED, the author of "Good-by, Mr. Chips" presents another member of the same family. George Boswell could have been the son who died. At any rate, he is definitely from the loins of the illustrious Chips line. You will like him immensely, even when you feel that he should have asserted himself and didn't. This volume is not another "Good-by, Mr. Chips," not by any means. The comparison is a disappointment, but if you fell in love with Mr. Chips, then you simply must get acquainted with George.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, by M. Scarles Bates. (International Missionary Council, 604 pp., \$3.50)

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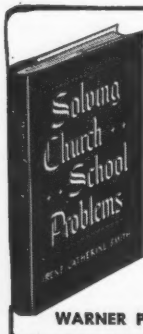
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DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 38)

making and maintaining contact with God. We have many decent and cultivated churches today, but we have too few powerful churches. We have many delightful and respectable church members, but we have too few who are channels of God's mighty power. The primitive church breathed upon the barren world of its day like a life-giving Gulf Stream. This was the case, not because they were so many, but because they were so powerful. They possessed the very might of God.

Lord, make us channels through which Thy power may flow to our needy world. Amen.

OCT. 19 A PRAYER-HEARING GOD
PSALM 65:1-8

"O THOU that hearest prayer." That God answers prayer is the testimony of all the saints. In the life of Jesus prayer was central. It was for Him not a mere preparation for battle, but the battle itself. His times of conflict and struggle were His times of prayer. Having won in the secret place, He went about His task with a serenity and poise that fire us with wistful wonder to this day. In fact, if we judge by the record it would seem that the only work that ever really taxed the energies of Jesus was the work of prayer.

Lord, for our own sakes, for the sake of others, teach us to pray. Amen.

OCT. 20 GOD'S MATERIAL GIFTS
PSALM 65:10-13

"THY paths drop fatness." "Rich stores drop where Thou passeth," is Moffatt's translation. To this clear-eyed poet, earth is indeed crammed with heaven. Where the Rich Farmer saw no footprints but his own, this man saw the footprints of God. The pastures clothed with flocks, the valleys so covered with corn that in sheer joy they seemed to laugh and sing, spoke to him of the constant care of a loving God. Thus seeing the fingermarks of his Lord upon every material gift, he not only had a full barn, but he had far more. He had a full heart.

Grant us, Lord, a constant sense of the sacredness of our daily bread. Amen.

OCT. 21 A HIGH RESOLVE
PSALM 66:1-14

"I WILL pay Thee my vows which my lips have uttered . . . when I was in trouble." These are the words of an honest and courageous soul. It would

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 74



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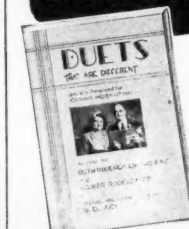
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seem that he has just ridden out of a heavy storm. During that hard ordeal when Death was perhaps blowing its chilly breath in his face, he made certain vows to God. In His mercy, God heard those vows and gave him another chance. So what? He did not forget the promise made under pressure as we are so prone to do. Instead he bravely fulfilled in the daylight what he had vowed in the night.

Save us, Lord, from breaking the promises that we have made to Thee. Amen.

OCT.
22

AN EAGER WITNESS
PSALM 66:16-20

"COME and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Here is a man with a story that is far too good to keep. Therefore he is ready to lay almost violent hands on every passerby to tell him what God has done for his soul. It is my guess that he soon had a hearing. I am sure of this because of all the interesting stories, the most interesting is an authentic story of God's dealing with the individual soul. The man who brings us first-hand tidings of God will never fail of a hearing.

In a world of uncertainty, we thank Thee, Lord, for those who by being sure of Thee help to make others sure. Amen.

OCT.
23

HIS ANSWERED PRAYER
PSALM 66:18

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." At last this man has won. His prayer has been answered. As a result he is not only sure of God's gift, but what is far better, he is sure of God Himself. But now he realizes that this blessing might have been his long ago. The trouble was, he was trying to win on his own terms. He thought prayer was bending God to his will, instead of the opposite. When we try to pray we do one of two things: we either give up self or we give up prayer.

Lord, make us so eager to possess Thee that we shall be glad to surrender all that Thou dost hate. Amen.

OCT.
24

A ROOMY PRAYER
PSALM 67

"THE Lord be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us." That is a beautiful prayer, but it sounds a bit narrow. This saint seems to be thinking only of himself and of his own people. But such is not in reality the case. His prayer is as roomy and wide as human need. He is asking for the blessing of God upon himself and his own, not simply for their own gladness, but that they might be a blessing

PAGE 75 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945

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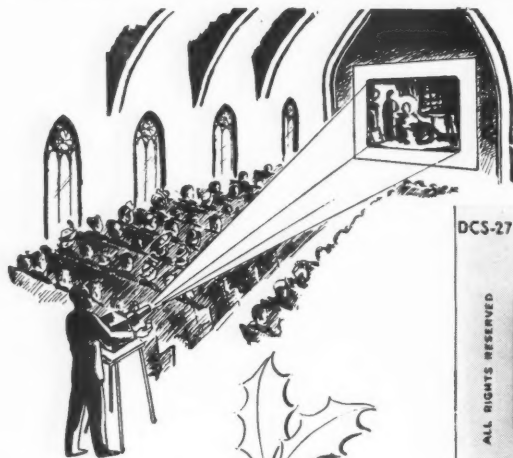
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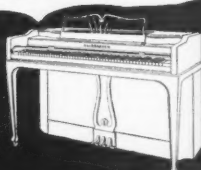
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Lord, help us to realize that the greatest service we can render others is by being genuinely good. Amen.

OCT.
25

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS
PSALM 69:1-6

"MAY naught befall me that would disappoint Thy worshippers. O God of Israel." (Moffatt) Here is one who is eager to be true, not simply for his own sake, but for the sake of others. He realizes that he cannot fail without making it easier for others to fail. Thus every loved one, every friend, every man everywhere is a reason for his living at his best. In the realization that his defeat would weaken others while his victory would help make others strong, he wisely turns to God for help. "May naught befall me," he prays, "that would make me a disappointment to you or man."

We pray Thee, Lord, to bless us that we may be a blessing to others. In Christ's name. Amen.

OCT.
26

OLD AGE
PSALM 71:1-9

"CAST me not off in the time of old age." If age has its gains, as it surely has, it also brings its losses. Generally it means loneliness. It means also the failing of our powers. We can't do the daily task as we once could. At this some grow fretful, while others, leaning in their weakness upon God, grow more peaceful as they come to their coronation.

Grant us, Lord, that as we get deeper into the years we may also enter more deeply into Thy friendship. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

OCT.
27

A DISFIGURING ORNAMENT
PSALM 73:1-6

"PRIDE compasseth them about as a chain." These looked upon pride as an ornament. They took pride in pride. But while pride often looks good in ourselves, when we meet it on the pages of the Bible it is as ugly as sin. In fact it is sin. Why this difference of view? One reason is that we have concluded that to be poor in spirit is to be poor-spirited. But poverty of spirit, the opposite of pride, is a Christlike virtue that leads to highest self-respect. It comes to its best as we recognize ourselves as sons of God, whereas pride is the child of conceit.

Grant us, Lord, to learn of Thee that we may share Thy humility. In Thy name's sake. Amen.

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 76

OCT.
28

SOURD SAINTS
PSALM 73:7-14

"VERILY I have cleansed my heart in vain." Here is an earnestly religious man who feels that God has let him down. In spite of his goodness, life has dealt him one harsh blow after another. Meanwhile his godless neighbor has seemed in every way to prosper. His is an ever-recurring type of peevishness. It is hard for some to realize that while godliness is profitable unto all things, that profit cannot always be measured in terms of material values. Too often we feel resentful that our Father gives us real bread when we ask it, instead of some kind of glittering stone.

Lord, grant us a faith that can sing and triumph when life grows hard.

OCT.
29

HOW SWEETNESS RETURNED
PSALM 73:15-28

"I WENT into the sanctuary of God." Soured as this saint was, he was not too sour to attend church. In God's house he was gripped by at least two great convictions. First, he became sure that the prosperity of the wicked was only for a moment, and that it failed to satisfy even for that moment. Second, he realized the nearness and adequacy of God. Therefore he sings, "I am continually with Thee." In this fine fellowship he is sure that no real harm can befall him. After life has done its very worst, he is confident that God will be his satisfying portion forever.

We thank Thee, Father, that always our sufficiency is in Thee. Amen.

OCT.
30

A WEAKENING GOD
PSALM 77:1-10

"YES this is my grief that the Most High no longer has the strength He had." (Moffatt) This Psalmist is daring to put into words what multitudes have felt. Once God was really a God of might. He could so empower a few saints at Pentecost as to enable them to remake the world. Once He could so warm the heart of a John Wesley as to enable him to change the bleak winter of the eighteenth century into spiritual spring. But as we face the appalling needs of our day, too few of us are convinced of God's infinite adequacy.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou art the same yesterday, today and forever.

OCT.
31

INEXCUSABLE COWARDICE
PSALM 78:1-9

"THE children of Ephraim being

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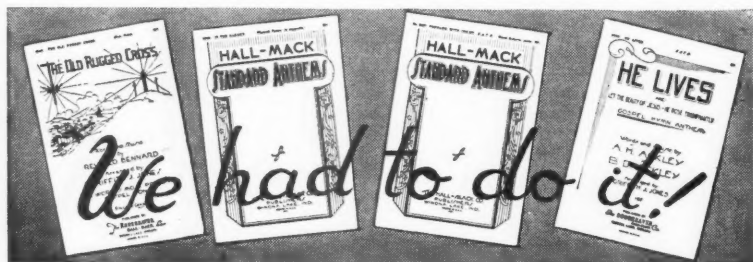
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Lord, help us to realize that the one damning failure is the failure to try. Amen.

BIBLE QUIZMASTER

(Continued from page 17)

the time of Jesus the ancient Egyptians venerated a cross and carved it on monuments and mummy cases and put it on sacred cakes eaten as part of a religious ritual. In Egypt the cross may have acquired its sacred character because a cross-like device was used to measure the depth of the waters of the Nile. The cross was a religious emblem among the ancient Scandinavians, Druids, Etruscans, Sabines, Phrygians, Greeks, Romans and Hindus. The swastika, used as a mystic symbol among the ancient Aryans, is a modified cross. When Europeans first came to the New World they found the cross an object of veneration among the Aztecs of Mexico, the Incas of Peru and other native American peoples. It is believed, however, that the cross as the Christian emblem originated with the crucifixion of Jesus and had no direct connection with its earlier use as a mystic and sacred symbol.

How did Judas die?

THERE are two accounts of the death of Judas in the Bible. Matthew 27:3-10 says: "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself." Acts 1:18, however, says of Judas: "Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out." These two passages seem to present a serious discrepancy which Bible scholars have attempted to reconcile with more ingenuity than success. According to Matthew, Judas hanged himself, but according to Acts he was killed by a fall. Probably the discrepancy is best explained by the supposition that the au-

thor of *Acts* spoke only figuratively of Judas' end and did not intend to specify the actual manner of his death. There is a further discrepancy in the two accounts. *Matthew* says that with the thirty pieces of silver the priests bought a field in which to bury strangers, while *Acts* says Judas himself purchased a field with the reward of iniquity. Notwithstanding the obscure passage in *Acts*, it has always been popularly assumed that Judas hanged himself.

Judas tree is applied to the species of tree on which Judas, according to legend, committed suicide by hanging himself. In legend the tree is variously identified as the fig tree, the elder, a leguminous tree of southern Europe that flowers before the leaves appear, and the rosebud. One story has it that the small tree known as the rosebud originally had white flowers, but after Judas hanged himself upon it they turned to bright purple red. Only one other Biblical character committed suicide by hanging himself. The second book of Samuel 17:23 says: "And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and died, and was buried in the sepulchre of his father."

Does the Bible call Jesus "The Prince of Peace?"

THE phrase, "The Prince of Peace," occurs nowhere in the New and only once in the Old Testament. Isaiah 9:6 says: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Christians regard this passage in Isaiah as a reference to the Messiah and therefore refer to Jesus as The Prince of Peace. In the New Testament Jesus is several times referred to as a prince; as, "the Prince of life" (*Acts* 3:15), "a Prince and a Saviour" (*Acts* 5:31), and "the prince of the kings of the earth" (*Revelation* 1:5). Over a period of twenty years beginning in 1904, William Jennings Bryan hundreds of times delivered his famous lecture entitled "The Prince of Peace," which did much to popularize the phrase in America.

Why were Adam and Eve driven from the Garden of Eden?

NO IDEA is more firmly fixed in the popular mind than that Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden as a punishment for eating the forbidden fruit. Yet the Bible says nothing of the kind. In *Genesis* 3:22-23 it is specifically stated that God sent the first



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eral Biblical passages. Senator Moses afterward explained that the phrase was inspired by Jeremiah 14:6, which says: "And the wild asses did stand in the high places, they snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail, because there was no grass." *Jackass* does not occur in the King James Version and probably was not coined for more than a century after that version was made. Job 11:12 says: "For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." The fact that the donkey is the popular emblem of the Democratic Party, with which the insurgent Republicans had collaborated, may have influenced the spicy phrase coined by the Republican senator from New Hampshire.

How did the Dead Sea get its name?

DEAD SEA does not occur in the Bible. That name was first given to the lowest body of water in the world by the Apostolic Fathers and other early post-Biblical writers. In the Bible it is called "The salt sea," "the eastern sea" and "the sea of the plain." Genesis 14:3 says: "All these were joined together in the vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea." *Siddim*, not found elsewhere in the Bible, was probably a valley at the southern end of the sea, for Verse 10 of the same chapter tells us that "the vale of Siddim was full of slimepits; and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there." A tradition dating back at least 1800 years says the Dead Sea covers the site of the wicked cities destroyed by Jehovah with brimstone from heaven. Josephus refers to the Dead Sea as "the lake called Asphaltitis." Our word "asphalt" is believed to be of Semitic origin. The Arabs call this body of water *Bahr Lut*, "lake of Lot," in allusion to the fact that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt on its desolate and barren shores.

The Dead Sea deserves that name. Its waters are so salty that no fish, animal or plant life except a few algae is able to live in them. The water is about four times more salty than ordinary sea water. It is so buoyant that a human body will not sink in it. The sea receives the Jordan and other streams, but has no outlet, and consequently the salinity of its waters is constantly increasing. It has an extreme length of about 47 miles and an extreme width of about 10. Its normal level is nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and in the deepest places the water is 1,300 feet deep, which means that the bottom is nearly 2,600 feet below sea level and is the deepest natural depression on the face of the earth. Because of the dryness, pressure, heat, salt, rocky surface, scarcity of vegetation and sparseness of population, the shores of the Dead Sea are one of the most desolate, dreary and lifeless regions in the entire world.

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RETIRE—ON WHAT?

(Continued from page 19)

should be in this cushion fund is a matter each one must decide for himself. I have noted a tendency on the part of many older people to unduly skimp themselves on current income, just to be ready for the big emergency—which seldom comes.

For people who need some income on this cushion fund, United States Savings Bonds, Series G, are ideal. Where interest is not needed for the time being, E bonds are more appropriate.

There are so many uses to which annuities may be put that they might well have a place in the investment portfolio of wealthy people. With folks of moderate means, annuities could safely be the main source of income. Tens of thousands of people are acting as executors of their own estates by distributing their funds to their favorite religious, educational or charitable organization, in the form of annuities. Someone has said, "There are elements of immortality in money. Started in the right direction, the influence of the sender is projected into the accomplishments of coming generations."

For people who for the first time have decided to make this form of gift-investment, the important thing is the selection of the organization. That should not be difficult. Practically every one to whom such a spiritual impulse comes has already been inspired by the work of one or more of the outstanding national or international religious or educational institutions. In all probability that very organization has a strong annuity department. I know of at least half a dozen that have been issuing annuities for longer than fifty years with a record of never having missed a payment to their annuitants.

The important thing is to select the institution that not only has a record of effective work done in the past; but one with such a basic mission to perform that its work will be essential in the future.

It is important also to make sure that annuity funds are handled on a sound business basis. But this is pretty well assured, because in most states the investment and reserve policies of the annuity departments of religious organizations are as carefully supervised as the insurance companies, banks and trust companies. Most states require that annuity funds be kept separate from current expense and endowment funds, and that they have a segregated investment portfolio. It is required that annuity funds be invested in very conservative securities.

When a person is satisfied on the above points, then the annuity may be taken in the organization that has the strongest appeal to that person. The rate

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of return is about the same in all non-profit institutions, and is quite generous for present investment conditions. Of course they are all set up with a view to having a substantial residue for the future work of the organization. Otherwise there would be no good reason for writing annuities.

ALL ANNUITIES, whether in insurance companies or religious organizations, have certain tax advantages over income from commercial investments. Under the present law, three percent on the original cost of an annuity is considered by the Government as the income for tax purposes. In religious, educational and other non-profit organizations, the Government treats as cost for tax purposes, only a part of what one gives for the annuity. This is technically called "market value" or "consideration paid." The balance is considered as gift and can be used, in the year in which the annuity is taken out, in part or in full, to bring one's total contributions up to the 15 percent of gross income allowed for such deductions.

For instance, a woman at age 70 takes out a new \$1000 annuity in a religious organization. The cost for tax purposes is approximately \$700. This figure remains the same, year after year. But the year it is taken out, the gift factor of \$300 can be used as a contribution. While this woman actually receives probably \$55 a year (5.5% on her \$1000) she pays taxes on only \$21 of income (3% of \$700). This income would not be reported until the end of the year, but under present tax methods it might change one's estimated tax report. The difference between \$55 and \$21 is considered by the Government as refund of principal; that is, one's own money coming back to him, therefore this refund is not taxable.

ANYONE having had one or more annuity contracts for several years, would have had an accumulated amount of refunded principal on which he or she had been exempted from income taxes. This amount would be the total of the payments actually received on each contract over the years, less the income on which taxes were paid on the 3 percent of cost basis. Each contract must be figured separately, then all added together. This accumulated amount is entered on line 2 of Schedule A, "Income from Annuities," and is increased each year by the difference between what one actually receives and the amount on which one pays income taxes in the current year. When this amount becomes equal to the cost of the annuity or annuities, then one pays taxes on the full annuity income. But for most people, that time is a long way off.

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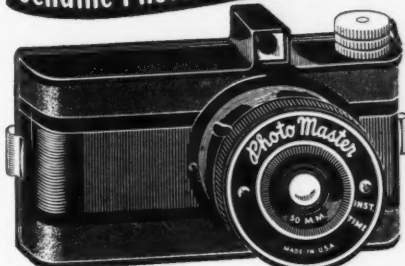
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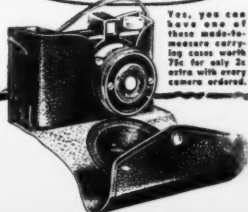
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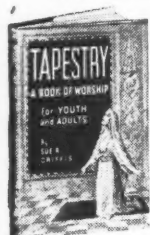
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annuity contract or contracts from the organization in which you have the annuity.

That's been a lot of space to give to tax matters. I have done so because I am convinced that tens if not hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid out in income taxes on annuities over and above what needed to be paid. The reason for this is that people themselves (and sometimes their tax advisers) didn't know how to make out the annuity section of the income tax report.

I WOULD be remiss if I did not call attention to the several ways in which annuities may serve the financial and spiritual purposes of Christian people. The single life annuity is of course intended for the person who needs a high return for his own support. Where the money must protect two people throughout life, the joint (survivorship) contract is the proper one. The rate of return is, of course, less on two lives than on one. Often this method is used as a way of making advance bequests.

To a growing extent people with substantial estates specify in their wills that certain sums be given to a religious organization for which annuities are to be issued to relatives or friends. In this way the donor makes a bequest of income rather than capital sums, and controls the ultimate goal of the residue from the annuities.

Have I gotten away from my theme—retirement? I think not. Annuities constitute the major support of thousands of retired people. And retirement through annuities in religious organizations brings not only peace of mind financially, but also the spiritual peace which comes with the knowledge that their lives will continue to bear fruit after they are gone.

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. Rev. 14:13.

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 33)

ought to get on all right.' Next Sunday's cooperation was perfect. Occasionally the boys would ask 'Are we cooperating enough?' And always I could give them hearty assurance. The little dinner party for ten was worth it. In the same mail last Christmas, I received greetings from the two boys who helped me solve the problem, one posted from an Army and one from a Navy training center. Each said in effect, 'Thinking of you and of the old times together.'

That certainly looked like one of the hardest nuts to crack, and I know that you all are silently saying, "Bravo, Mrs. Boyd." I know that I am. It goes to prove there is more than one way to skin a cat!

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Because one of the best ways for a teacher to get to know his group better, is to plan just such activities, I'm going to devote a little space to making some suggestions for a Hallowe'en Party that you can use either in Sunday school, with a Scout troop, or for your own home use. A "Jinx Party" might well appeal to a group of mischief-making young'uns. So send out your invitations or post one large one in the form of a black hand and "X" marking the spot where the party is to be held (a rough drawing of the streets bounding the house or the church, with the building itself X'ed).

Atmosphere is always important at Hallowe'en time, so let your decoration committee go to town. There should be plenty of the traditional corn shocks and autumn leaves, black cats, ghosts, goblins, witches and pumpkins to add the right note. Every guest should shake the hand of the host upon entering—a ghost's clammy hand (a chamois glove dipped in cold water does the trick). More jinx settings would be a series of happenings that definitely spell "jinx"—a ladder to walk under, an opened umbrella that everyone must stand under, small mirrors to break, salt to spill and so on.

For entertainment, there is first and always the traditional "Guess who?" and when the guests are all costumed alike the game is even more exciting. Of course we all know a lot of party games for Hallowe'en time, but our Sunday-school superintendent was in the other afternoon talking over our annual "Witches Sweep," and I asked him for a few unusual games. He always has such good ideas, and he suggested that if your group knew each other pretty well, they'd like "Ghost Groans" or "Eye Suspect."

For "Ghost Groans," hang a sheet at one end of the room, give half the group large paper bags that they make into masks by punching holes for eyes, nose and mouth. These players put on the masks behind the sheet and at a signal their heads pop up over the top of the sheet and they proceed to groan. The rest of the group pass by the groaning "ghosts" and if they feel they recognize the head in the bag, they whisper the name to the "ghost," who puts an X on his mask, the "ghost" having the most X's wins the game.

"Eye Suspect:" hang an old sheet in a doorway and cut two holes at eyelevel (it'll have to be an awfully old sheet to do that with these days; perhaps you can improvise with heavy paper). Have two teams stationed one on either side of the sheet. Darken the two rooms and have members of one team take turns looking through the holes while the other team tries to identify the individuals by their eyes. Use a flashlight to help the players get a good look at

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JUDY: I've heard about Tampax, of course—but I'm glad to have someone really explain it to me.

CLAUDIA: Well, my cousin is a trained nurse—knows all about sanitary protection of course, and she's awfully strong for Tampax . . . says a doctor invented it, following a principle well known to physicians—"internal absorption," she called it.

JUDY: I suppose that means no belts or pins to bother with. Sounds nice and simple with a sheer evening dress! Perhaps you'll see me at your party after all!

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the other's eyes.

For prizes, plan inexpensive and ludicrous prizes such as a head of cabbage, an onion, a turnip, an ear of corn—although these days such prizes will not be taken lightly!

Now these folks are ready for something more active, so choose between "Murder" or "Sardines." Everyone is pretty well familiar with the game "Murder," but "Sardines" might warrant a word of explanation. Some one person hides (the whole house must be dark for this), and all try to find him. As each person finds "it," without a word he gets into the hiding place too. "Sardines" comes in as you can readily understand when "it" chooses a rather small place and eight more people than it could possibly hold, crowd in. One way of indicating how many players have found the original "sardine," is to give everyone a number and as the searching progresses the players call out the various numbers. The individual with the corresponding number must answer as long as he is still at large. It's a great game to play in the church parlors!

After so much activity, it's certainly time for the spooky story-telling. The host or hostess should be primed with a hair-raiser in case the crowd runs out of ideas, or as a flesh-creeping addition. Edgar Allen Poe's "Telltale Heart" is a classic example of a story that will raise chills in anyone.

Well, so much for the fun angle—but we can't forget it, you know, it's part of this business of living, too!

One last idea on the more serious side. If you have a few projects lined up that need financing (and there are very few that don't), here's a suggestion from Ruth C. Downs of Vienna, Virginia. Mrs. Downs wrote me a long letter telling of her experiences in church affairs over a long period and one idea that took my fancy put several boys through school in India. Everyone in the church took part in this project and each one was asked to contribute the price of a postage stamp each week. Mrs. Downs gave me an idea of how long they have been doing this because she said that when they started, it was a 2-cent stamp that was contributed (or the equivalent in money). Now it takes more to put children through school even in foreign countries, and although the regular stamp is a 3-center, it may take an air-mail stamp a week to do the job. Well, there you are, you can have a lot of fun with that idea, as well as get a worthwhile project launched.

So it's the end of the space this month. But we'll be raising our tea cups together again next month. In the meantime, Aunt Mary is awfully glad that Mrs. Weaver of Albany, N. Y., found her cake recipe so delicious, and I'm glad she liked it too!

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 86

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been informed by our pastor that this, our child has since lived a normal life, having harmed no one. She has now completed the third class in school and is being trained as a nurse. Our babies are dying like flies this season. Our boys and girls are not being trained for the new day which is dawning for our people. Members of the council, why do we not ask our daughter, Domingas, to return to our beloved village?"

After this speech there was much discussion on the advisability of such a step. The need of a teacher and of a nurse was readily admitted, but some of the older members thought it inexpedient to ask Domingas to return. Finally the headman spoke.

"Twelve years ago, I voted for the banishment of my daughter. Since that day, I have not seen her. She is my only living child. Secretly I have rejoiced with each bit of news about her. My wife has not ceased to long for her return, especially since she has become an invalid. If this council votes for the return of Domingas, I personally will be responsible for her acts. Shall we request Domingas to return to Bango-uango to teach our children and help us have a healthier village?"

Three councillors did not vote; eight voted affirmatively; there were no negative votes. A committee of five was appointed to make the trip to Quessua during the "little dry season" in January. Two of those who had not voted were on that committee; one was its chairman.

ONE TERRIBLY HOT NOON, early in January, Domingas was late in completing her morning work. Monday was always a hard day in the hospital. Today the doctor in his lecture had given them much new material, had talked about many things of which she was absolutely ignorant. Deep in thought, as she walked home for lunch, she did not see a figure approaching from a right hand path.

"Hello, there," a masculine voice greeted her, "how goes nursing today?" Julio fell into step with her. "I have great news—just received it. I'm dying to tell some one. Examination reports are out and I'm among those who qualified for a rural diploma. Boy, am I happy!"

"Congratulations," said Domingas, demurely. "I wish I were through nurses' training." They walked in silence for a minute.

"Domingas . . ." The change in tone made her look quickly at Julio. Never before had she seen him so intensely serious. "Domingas," he repeated, "after you finish your training, would you be willing to go with me to some rural village to work with the girls and women while I teach the boys? Dear, if it is

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is a bright little fellow of twelve—he has been with us for eight years. When his parents died none of his relatives wanted him for he was cross-eyed and had all the signs of being a midget. He has never grown up.



CA CUNG SING

is eight. His father died when he was a baby. His mother works for the Anglican missionaries. He is small for his age and a little backward in his school work.



HUNG HANG GUANG

is nine years old. Both parents died when he was a baby and his grandmother sold his only brother. After much urging the grandmother let us have Hang Guang; he has been with us four years.



LING GIE HIE

is nine and has been in our Orphanage for six years. He has neither father nor mother. It is still a battle to keep him healthy.



GO GA HO

is thirteen and has been with us seven years. A deserted orphan he has been slow in his studies and a sickly child always.

We had hoped our workers in China would send us some photos of girls but it has been most difficult for them to get pictures of any kind and we are glad to have these few to show you. Our children have been up in the hills where they have been safe while the Japanese occupied Foochow, the city of Christian Herald's Orphanage. **The day we have been praying for is now in sight. The trek back home will have started before this message reaches you.**

There is a great deal to do: buildings to reconstruct, machinery to rebuild BUT we have sheltered, fed and protected our children during the long years of war, when life was hardest. We have no reason to fear their neglect in time of peace.

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agreeable with our families, will you become my wife?"

Domingas responded by putting her hand in his. Finally she added, with a choked feeling in her throat, "I hope our families agree."

THE DELEGATION from Bango-uango had been traveling for two days. About sundown, they entered a forested area through which flowed a little stream. On the opposite side of the stream were three little grass huts, supported by a framework of branches. The clearing in front revealed the charred remains of several campfires and two triangular arrangements of three stones on which clay cooking pots had been set.

"Is it agreeable that we camp here?" asked Ngongolo, the leader. "Here we have water for cooking, houses for protection, and wood for the fires." "What more can we desire?" replied one of the women.

Turning to his servant who had accompanied them as carrier of provisions, Ngongolo ordered him to gather dry sticks for the fire so the mush could be made and eaten before darkness settled over the valley. Soon two pots were boiling briskly, the one containing strips of dried hippopotamus meat and the other clear water into which would be stirred the cassava flour.

When the meal had been prepared by the women, the food was divided into two parts. The men ate mush, meat and gravy from two clay vessels while the women, a little apart, sat on their heels as they hastily devoured their portions from two other containers. The servant lingered in the lengthening shadows of the trees, picking now and then an edible berry. After the others had finished, he would be permitted to consume the remainder of the mush and gravy, in which a few pieces of meat would intentionally have been left.

After the evening meal, the men chose their hut; then the women retired; the servant took the third hut. Each one unrolled a sleeping mat and blanket, arranged the former on the floor, and rolled himself into the latter. Although mosquitoes buzzed about annoyingly, and the ticks began to make their presence known, trekking fatigue soon brought its deep sleep.

The following day, in mid-afternoon, the Bango-uango delegates crossed the stream below the mission and climbed single file to the knoll. A clapping of hands brought energetic Ella Randall to the door.

"Yes, a girl named Domingas is on the compound."

"That's right, her full name is Domingas Kandumba."

"Yes, as a baby she had come from Bango-uango. She is well, indeed." Stepping inside to get her sun helmet, Ella

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led them behind the house and indicated Titia's hut.

An hour later Domingas and Julio strolled down the road toward the missionaries' home. She had finished her hospital duties a little early; he had been watching for her from the boys' school where he had remained after class to grade some papers. For a few days now he had been substituting for the third-grade teacher who was home with a bad cold. Hand in hand they walked, talking seriously.

At the compound gate, Julio bade Domingas good afternoon and returned to his papers. Light-hearted in spite of her fatigue, Domingas skipped along the path leading to the little three-roomed mud house she called home. She did not see the visitors sitting under the banana trees until she rounded the corner of the house. Stopping short, she greeted them. They responded, studying carefully this strange girl from the civilized world. They noted her strong, clean limbs, the close-cropped hair, the starched blue dress with white cuffs and collar. Especially did they note the happy eyes and smiling mouth as she said,

"Welcome to our humble home. You have come from considerable distance?" She observed the dirty, oil-soaked garments worn by the women. One woman carried her baby on her back and had clay and palm oil holding her hair in tiny ringlets. The men's chests were bare; one wore a cloth skirt, another a pair of European-made, khaki trousers. Ngongolo had a coat to match his trousers but did not have a shirt under it. The sixth member, wearing only a loin cloth, was easily recognized as a servant. Realizing suddenly that she had been staring, Domingas, embarrassed, smiled and said, "You have seen Mother?" Even as she spoke, Titia came in from the garden with a basket laden with cassava roots, corn, and a twisted summer squash, behind which showed a small bunch of half-ripe bananas. Domingas quickly went to help her lower the basket from her head to the ground. Titia apologized for not being home when their company arrived. Then she asked if they had come to see her or Domingas.

Ngongolo arose and asked if there were a man in the household with whom they could talk. Titia smilingly replied that she had been both mother and father to Domingas, whereupon Ngongolo proceeded to state the purpose of their visit. Finally, he produced the brass-studded cane of their chief, Soba Bangu, as a sign of his willingness to permit Domingas to return to the Libolo area in which was situated the village of Bango-uango.

While Ngongolo spoke, Domingas sat motionless. When he finished, Titia turned to her foster-daughter, saying,

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"Dear, this is your decision to make. If you go, I shall greatly miss you. You are all I have." A tear came to her eye. Brushing it aside, she continued, "But you are almost a woman now. I have my work and all the school girls. You will soon be leaving me anyway now that you have grown so tall and have developed into such a womanly girl. What do you say, dear, to these, the people of your tribe?"

As Domingas began to speak, it seemed to Titia that she was seeing the girl transformed into a woman.

"These past six months have been the happiest of my life. Your coming from Bango-uango has climaxed my joy. It is so nice to know one is needed. Before answering your request to return to my native village as a teacher, let me share with you the cause for much of my happiness.

"Before the last moon had lost its brightness, the family of João Miguel came here from Nhangue-a-pepe asking Mother Titia for my hand in wedlock to their son Julio. Mother (and here Domingas embraced her) was kind enough to let me decide. For many moons I have loved Julio so I was most happy to accept. The dowry was determined and is being paid. In about two years—as soon as I finish my nurse's training course—we shall be married. Only an hour ago Julio told me that Mr. Cooper, the missionary, had requested him to go to your village to help Manuel Pipa with the school work. Julio consented to go for two years, but we decided it would be unwise for me to try to go back to the village from which I was banished. Now you have come with this invitation from all my people. If I am now really wanted in my own village, it makes me very happy. I shall hardly be able to wait until I can tell Julio that he can continue to work in Bango-uango after we are married. I am convinced that this is Nzambi's (God's) will for my life—to let His love shine through me in the valley of my nativity. Perhaps," she added pensively, "Nzambi can reveal much through even a little witch."

Africa being a man's world, Ngongolo rose for a final word. "Some of us know little about Nzambi's love. Today we have felt its warmth more than ever before. Please do not delay overly long; our babies die weekly; your mother, Mvunji, lies crippled in her hut; our children are anxious to learn new ways. In the meantime we shall build you a house and prepare gardens of cassava and corn for your arrival." THE END

KEY TO AN ANGRY HEART

(Continued from page 15)

"I'll never prosecute anybody. It's just not in me. Why enter civil suit for damages? Tyler has nothing with which

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 90

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to pay me. Besides, even if I won such a suit, I'd lose it. People of his type harbor grudges for generations. Then some instinct tells me that there ought to be a better way to reach him. You know, he has some admirable qualities. So peerless a woodsman cannot be wholly bad. And then, he comes of good stock. His grandfather, you know, was personally commended by General Lee at Chancellorsville."

"Has Tyler any children?" I asked.

"One daughter, a lovely child. I lend her books to read, and I hope to help her get a real education. How can you make a man to whom you've done nothing but good stop hating you? What would you do?"

There was a despairing note in his question.

Personally and immediately I had no answer. But then from a source that must have been outside my orbit of being a thought came. I was thrilled by its challenge. And I was a little surprised that Jim Norwood, with his nature, had not had the thought himself.

"Jim," I said, "you have tried all the ordinary kindly human agencies for reconciliation, and they have failed. You'll have to try another kind. Why don't you plead with God to give Tyler a change of heart? I'd pray for him. They tell me that love is stronger than hate."

Norwood did not smile at my suggestion. I saw a deepening of the light in his compassionate eyes.

"I will try it," he said.

I HAD ALMOST forgotten the incident when, two weeks later, Jim again visited me.

"It was answered," were his first words to me, words of sober joy.

"You mean Tyler?"

"Yes. I went to see him the other night. I didn't know how I'd be received—in fact I thought there was a distinct element of personal danger. But Tyler met me pleasantly, showed me every courtesy, and talked with me for an hour as a good friend and neighbor. Most of the time his little daughter was sitting on my lap. When I was leaving, he walked to the gate in the dark with me.

"Mr. Norwood," he said, with his backwoods shyness, 'I am sorry for all the trouble I have been to you. God came to me and told me to quit it, and from now on I aim to do so.'"

"Well," I told Jim, "a man of that blood and breed may stop doing wrong, but not once in a thousand years will he apologize for having done it. This is a double miracle!"

"I used to have my doubts about prayer," said Norwood; "and, of course, God knows best whether to grant one of our often pathetic and frequently un-

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(Signed) Leopold Aul

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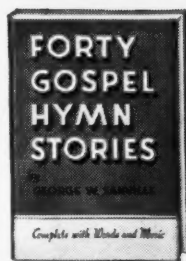
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fortunate petitions. But this thing has happened in my own life. I don't know how it is so; I only know that it is so. Not always perhaps, but certainly sometimes, a loving prayer for another, even for an enemy, may prove the open sesame to an otherwise sealed and bolted heart."

For seven years now I have watched the growth of a fine, sure comradeship between Jim Norwood and Tyler Somerset.

SHOSEI KINA TENDS THE LAMP

(Continued from page 25)

and though these soldiers approached things a trifle differently from the manner of the missionary of thirty years before, nevertheless they were Americans—and therefore Christians. What Shosei Kina and his brother Mojon wanted to find was someone who could do two things for them: 1) Give them a picture of Jesus—there had been one in their Bible but it had long ago worn out—and, 2) help to straighten them out on a few perplexing things they had come across in the Word of God.

The startled GI's who first heard this request through an interpreter, fumbled with their carbines and muttered something about being "fresh out of pictures of Jesus" and indicated that they were pretty much in a hurry and therefore unable to pause for Bible discussion. However, one of them decided to resolve the whole matter in the GI manner: "Send for the chaplain," he said.

Chaplain Roy N. Hillyer, 10th Army senior chaplain, got the message and in no time at all he was in the village and meeting this strange band of Christians who had grown and developed without benefit of anything more than a Bible and a few dimly remembered words of a Methodist missionary. He found the 150 ranging in age from 65 down to 12. He dug up from his pack a sizable copy of Sallman's "Head of Christ," and, to the vast delight of Shosei Kina, he gave one each of his chaplain's insignia to Shosei and to Mojon.

The chaplain found the group amazingly intelligent, serious and dignified in the conduct of their worship and in "living like Jesus" among their neighbors. The Kina brothers had begun their evangelization at home, and here they had a sizable congregation in just the two houses: each had floor space equivalent to that of an average six-room house, and in Mojon's domicile there were forty-seven and in Shosei's there were thirty-seven in the congregation.

A sample of the Biblical puzzlers they had run into, and for which they wanted explanation from Chaplain Hillyer, was this: "We understand Jesus; we love to read of His life, and try to pattern ours after it. But the case of this man Judas

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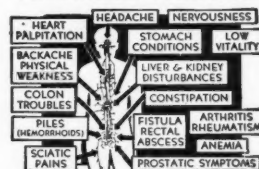
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puzzles us. Tell us, how could one Christian betray another?"

It is not known just how the chaplain wrestled his way out of that one. But he evidently satisfied their questionings, for they promptly adopted him as spiritual advisor.

The chaplain took his choir to the village, and a great time was had by all. To his surprise he found that some of the oldsters knew the tunes and Japanese words to such hymns as "Yield Not to Temptation" and "Fairest Lord Jesus." While the choir rendered these in English the villagers went along in Japanese—or rather in the curious mixture of Chinese and Japanese that is the Okinawan dialect.

And since the originator of all this had been a Methodist, Chaplain Hillyer (Northern Baptist) called in Chaplain Leon W. Kern (Methodist) to organize an old-fashioned "Methodist class" and to baptize those who desired this rite.

Due to the damage Shimmabuke suffered, the village is to be abandoned soon and another will be built by Army engineers. Shosei Kina has been restored to his superintendency of schools, and his brother Mojon is now the accepted head man of the village. And thus a new day dawns for Shimmabuke.

And there are Bibles coming; Chaplain Hillyer has already approached the American Bible Society for enough copies for each member of this staunch little Christian community. And when these come, it is the intention of Shosei Kina and his brother Mojon to create a special shrine for the original Bible the Methodist missionary left—a shrine that will be topped by the long-desired picture of Jesus, dug from Chaplain Hillyer's dufflebag.

UP TO THE FUNNY BONE

(Continued from page 31)

A jacaranda tree is a fine tree for little boys to sit under while they wait for their gang to meet on its way to school. Today they were boasting about how brave they are. Boasting is one of the most ancient masculine sports and flourishes best when males are alone.

"Would you really sock him one?" a little chap was saying admiringly to a slightly bigger boy.

"Would I?" the 8-year-old said in a fierce voice. "Just let me get the chance once."

"And then what would you do?"

"I'd sock him . . . and then I'd run," the boaster said. It took them both a few seconds to see the joke, then they rolled on the grass with merriment.

Lately I attended a high-school student government meeting conducted by boys and girls in their early teens. What they had to say in their speeches was said without frills. They spoke, I'm

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forced to admit, in a kind of Basic English, without too much regard for the hair-splitting meanings of words. The idea was what mattered, and the words lay where they fell. A bland eloquent youngster, a Rotarian in the bud if I ever saw one, said:

"Once a week we more or less sit down and think things over. Good idea sometimes."

Another earnest boy, explaining their method of governing by public opinion explained:

"When we've got something serious to discuss, we ask the faculty to please leave the room. We want to be democratic."

A bright-eyed lad who was interested in enlisting volunteers for the lunch-room waiters' squad said, "About the best thing I've learned at good old Blake High, is how to carry seven bowls of soup on one tray. All a matter of confidence."

I like my brother man; I believe in him and I respect him. But for sheer enjoyment, give me the society of my little-brother and his little-sister. They keep me from ever becoming a hundred percent grown-up; and it is in those percents missing from my adulthood, that my hope of improvement and progress lies.

We're either growing up, or we're growing down, and I look to children to keep me facing ahead.

MUSIC MASTER

(Continued from page 14)

playing as brilliantly as ever. It's almost unbelievable, but he says himself, "I was as great a fiddler then at the end of eight weeks as I have ever been."

Yet for all his greatness, it took him twenty years more—twenty years of constant playing all over the world—before he could fill a hall with an audience. In fact, it took a world war, the first world war, to make him really famous. Kreisler served as a captain in the Austrian Army throughout the first year of the war. At the age of 39 he fought in the trenches, going without food for days at a time, and when he and his men ran out of water they licked dew off the grass to satisfy their thirst. Finally he was wounded and discharged.

He didn't know it, but the papers over here in America had been carrying stories, "Fritz Kreisler Killed in Action." So when he showed up in New York very much alive, he found out, to his amazement, that he was something of a hero. People who had never dreamed of buying tickets to his concerts before now, flocked to see him and to hear him play; and when he hobbled out on his crutches onto the Carnegie Hall stage, he had to wait fifteen minutes—by the clock—for the cheering and clapping and yelling

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 94

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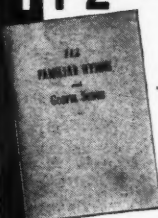
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Ever since then Fritz Kreisler has packed every concert hall he has appeared in.

Few people know it, but Fritz Kreisler plays the piano and the cello almost as well as he plays the violin. And he's a superb composer, too. Many years ago, he couldn't find enough short pieces to fill up his repertory, so he composed some himself; and because he didn't want to splash his own name all over the program, he attributed these works to renowned but deceased composers. The critics were fooled. They didn't even suspect the truth until one day a reviewer hauled Kreisler over the coals "for having the impudence," he said, "to play these beautiful classical gems on the very same program with his own composition, the *Caprice Viennois*." That was when Kreisler had the satisfaction of revealing that he had written "the classical gems" years before he composed the *Caprice Viennois*!

When Kreisler isn't playing, he likes to go to the concerts of other violinists. And he doesn't go to criticize. He goes there to learn! Yes, this great virtuoso who has been playing the violin for sixty-six years says, "There is no violinist so bad that he cannot do something better than I can. There is no violinist from whom I cannot learn."

When Fritz Kreisler is playing, he has a lot of confidence, but in private life he is shy and timid. He says, "The everyday things of life baffle me. I have to ask my wife every morning where my socks are."

He says, "I have to fight an inferiority complex. I am afraid of people. I am afraid of life. I am baffled by problems that most people would face fearlessly. When people meet me, they often think that I am indifferent. But I am not indifferent, I am shy. I want to be friendly but people frighten me."

Fritz Kreisler met his wife while crossing the Atlantic forty-three years ago. He was down in the barber shop of the ship getting a haircut. This barber shop sold hats and souvenirs and all sorts of things; and, as Kreisler got up out of the barber chair, he looked in the mirror and saw something that changed his life: he saw a red-headed girl trying on a hat. She smiled. He smiled. "That," says Fritz Kreisler, "was the beginning and the end for me."

As I have already said, Fritz Kreisler couldn't make a living out of his music until he was 40, but today at 70, he is the most famous and most beloved of all violinists. When he plays his violin in Carnegie Hall, he is paid a tribute that no other living artist is paid: When he walks out on the platform, the audience rises to its feet in spontaneous tribute to the man they admire and love. He is the master of them all.

PAGE 95 • CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945

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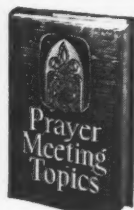
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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Grand Old Man

● Dr. Charles M. Sheldon is the Grand Old Man of CHRISTIAN HERALD. Once upon a time he was Editor, and we still hear from folks who read him then, and learned to love him. Other millions, all over the world, read "In His Steps," the best-seller of all time—second only to the Bible—and loved it. Such an one should never retire!

We have asked Dr. Sheldon to come out of his retirement and to write a regular monthly feature for CHRISTIAN HERALD. His first article appears in this issue, and it is indicative of the contribution which this outstanding American preacher and author has to make to the preacher and layman of today. We give Dr. Sheldon a free rein; he is to write whatever he wants to write. Next month, he tells the story of how he came to write "In His Steps," and what came of it!

If you are glad to see him back, why not tell him so? Drop him a line, care of this office. Speak for yourself. Speaking for CHRISTIAN HERALD, we are more than happy to see an old friend come home again.

Free Speech

Dear Editor:

I liked CHRISTIAN HERALD when it was written for

*Me and my wife,
My son John, and his wife,
We four, and no more!*

But I like it much better now that it's an open letter, making Christianity clearer, bringing all folks nearer, explaining God's way better than ever before.

West Alexandria, Ohio, Mrs. Fred Roesel

Dear Editor:

I detect a growing intolerance in you toward Roman Catholics. Why criticize them, when there is so much to criticize in ourselves? I think if you were to go to a Roman Catholic church just once, you would really enjoy it. Why not try it, and open the doors of your mind again?

Brooklyn, N. Y. George L. Caruthers

● To Reader Roesel, our heartfelt thanks. To Reader Caruthers, our thanks too. We are not above error—or correction. But—just what is intolerance? We've tried to be tol-

erant in this magazine, and I think if you will read back in a few issues, you'll find we have had more bouquets for the Roman Catholics than brickbats.

Tolerance, Mr. Caruthers, is a two-way street. It is something that must be practiced by both sides to a debate. I mean by that, that if we are to speak in the interests of truth we must speak, and not always against our own solely. We have spoken out often on the sins of Protestantism. Is Catholicism above criticism? May we not speak at all, where it is concerned? That seems to be the idea, in many quarters today. The minute we disagree with anything Roman Catholic, we are accused of bigotry, misunderstanding, religious prejudice, etc., *ad nauseam*.

So, at the risk of being accused of bigotry, misunderstanding and religious prejudice, we call attention to certain practices in the Roman Church which to us seem to be in direct violation of the American and the democratic way and procedure. We shall be as ready to criticize the Presbyterian or the Methodist. This is still a free country. There is still free speech. There is no Inquisition here to destroy that—and so long as CHRISTIAN HERALD pours from a free American press, we shall champion those freedoms.

Isn't that what we just fought a war for?

No More "Lessons"

● You will find no Sunday-school lessons in this issue. Popular interest simply was not strong enough to continue them. That is due to many reasons: the most important one is that the denominational Sunday-school quarterlies, with many pages at their disposal, are equipped to do a job that CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot possibly do in six columns!

We refer you to those quarterlies—and we say Au Revoir to that scholar and Christian gentleman, Dr. Amos John Traver, who worked miracles in condensation in those six always-too-short columns.

CHRISTIAN HERALD OCT. 1945 • PAGE 96